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Art, Literature & the Drama.

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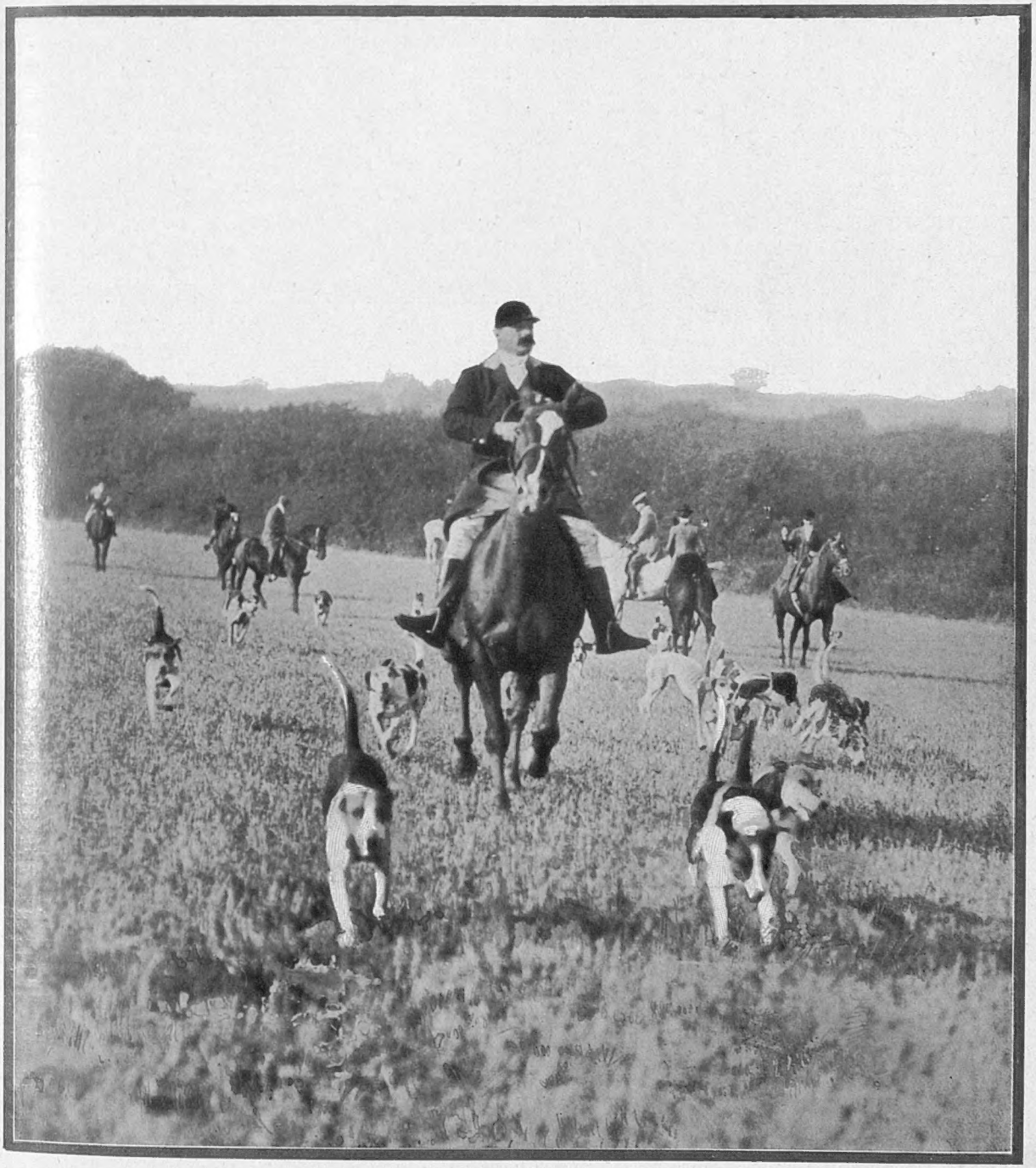

CUB-HUNTING WITH THE EAST KENT FOXHOUNDS AT WALDERSHARE PARK

The Master, Mr. Selby-Lowndes, off to draw

No. 203.—Vol. XVI.

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Amusements

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday October 23, 1907

At Peebles, lately, the Premier confessed that he had never before been to that town. We ken the noo what it is that's wrang wi' the mon.

* * *

London, you may say, is beginning to palpitate at the thought of her Royal visitors. The Westminster City Council, ever original, hopes to present an Address to the German Emperor. This should appeal to a lover of novelties like the Kaiser.

* * *

The same Council will spend "not more than £220" on street decorations. It is hard to know precisely how gay one can get Westminster to look for £220, but in view of a possible fog, it seems unwise to spend more. Street decorations always seem to be a difficulty with the ordinary Councillor, with whom fancy scarcely runs riot. "Hang the bath-mats from the windows," he apparently says to the decorator, "and—and—stretch the usual red baize across the road at intervals. Sprinkle with flags." The result is—but we had better suppress the word that rises to our lips.

The Very Idea!

"If I gave you a penny, you'd only spend it on cigarettes"
"Me? No fear! I chucked smoking a year ago"

By J. Hammer

* * *

It is said that the accommodation of Windsor Castle will be "somewhat strained" when all the three Royal suites, British, German, and Spanish, are present. One can almost picture General Count von Halsen-Haeseler saying to Admiral von Senden-Bilrau, "Keep your boots off my head, will you?" while Professor Schiferning (German Court doctor) threatens to chloroform the Spanish medical attaché if he doesn't leave off snoring.

* * *

A leading railway director has stated to the Press that, even if the strike comes off, it will make no difference to his company's train service. Passengers by this railway (which shall be nameless) fear that this is only too true.

* * *

Meantime, preparations for a struggle are being made. At some stations "dormitories are being erected for non-union men," apparently to prevent them from being harassed by the strikers. We cannot help thinking that dormitories ought to be erected for passengers also. Nothing passes the time like a good nap. But, perhaps, a Cox and Box arrangement would do as well.

* * *

The activity of Bishops is becoming a by-word. Many people say that the Bishop of London's Wall Street sermon of last week was the best they had ever heard delivered from a soap-box; while others are all for the Bishop of Ely's megaphone exposition. There is no truth in the rumour that an Archbishop, not to be outdone, intends to preach a sermon by wireless telegraphy from an aeroplane.

* * *

Civil servants continue to take a great interest in the career of the German Crown Prince as a clerk at the Ministry of the Interior. The general opinion, however, seems to be that, no matter how much intelligence the Prince may show, the year he is to spend in a Government office is not enough to make him a really first-class chess-player.

* * *

The old saying that women have no sense of humour was shown to be fallacious last week, when it leaked out that a young American girl had married a man for fun and afterwards gone off with another man. The husband is said to be an American, but, as he has not yet seen the joke, some people are inclined to think he must have some Scotch blood in him. In that event he will, perhaps, see it later.

* * *

Much satisfaction is felt in Spain over the gift made by a Vigo shoemaker to the Prince of Asturias. This consists, it may be remembered, of a pair of boots, with the name "Alfonso" and a crown stamped on them, and Spaniards are convinced that should the little Prince at any time get lost or strayed, these boots will lead to his ultimate discovery.

* * *

So October has come out on top as the wettest month of the year. It is not yet known what recognition the authorities propose to make to it for this well-nigh incredible feat.

RACING NOTIONS

CESAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE By CARBINE

How the Cesarewitch "Certainty" Went Down

I don't think I have ever seen owner and trainer more confident of success than Major Loder and Mr. Peter Gilpin were on the day of the Cesarewitch. Baltinglass's fine form in the St. Leger was alone sufficient to make them hopeful; but, in addition, they had proved him to be practically a certainty. Hammerkop, the trial horse, had been so utterly vanquished by the youngster that it was thought quite unnecessary to start her. Now, no doubt, Major Loder is sorry that he did not let the old mare take her chance, as she would probably have finished in front of Baltinglass as the race was run. They say that Howard was unable to extend the favourite, but I thought the boy did quite as well as could have been expected. At the Bushes, the jockey called on him very vigorously for a big effort, but Baltinglass was absolutely done with. He could not go the pace. He struggled on, but it simply wasn't in him to overhaul Demure and The White Knight. And so this raging favourite, this most certain of all certainties, went ignominiously down.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Entering the Paddock After the Cesarewitch

The winner, Mr. W. Clarke's Demure (Wootton up), in front, followed by The White Knight and Wuffy, who were second and third respectively

Champion Two and Three-Year-Olds

Following the defeat of Baltinglass, the failure of Miranda in the Middle Park Plate was another knock-down blow for Major Loder and his friends. Hopes were entertained that this filly would prove something like as good as Pretty Polly, but apparently she is not of the same class as her distinguished sister. The race was a triumph for Lesbia, who fairly established her right to be considered the champion two-year-old filly of 1907. It was rather regretted that Vamose was not brought out against her, but the Duke of Westminster's colt is in reserve for the Dewhurst Plate next week, which he ought to win. One good feature the Newmarket meeting had for Major Loder, and that was the brilliant success of Galvani. Nobody now seems to be decided as to whether Wool Winder or Galvani is the best three-year-old of the year, and while I, personally, have a leaning in favour of the last-named, I should certainly not care to lay odds one way or the other.

Sagamore's Form

Demure and Sagamore was the double we recommended for the two big autumn handicaps, and thus after the first had got home in such good style, we were keenly disappointed to see Sagamore fail abjectly against Succour last week. Of course, the latter is a great horse just now, but the three-year-old was beaten so easily that it would be absurd not to recognise that his Cambridgeshire chance is not so rosy as it looked to be on the form displayed in his preceding race. Had Sagamore beaten Succour, he would now be challenging Malua for favouritism, but instead he is quoted at long odds, and his moderate display leads me to look elsewhere for the winner. However, for the sake of our double, we hope that Mr. Raphael's colt will be seen at its best on the Cambridgeshire day.

Cambridgeshire Prospects

The longer one studies the Cambridgeshire prospects, the more open the affair seems to be. There are at least half a dozen candidates whose chances appear to me to be excellent. Malua, the stable companion of Tirara, is bound, I think, to run well. Land League is favourably weighted, and did well in a trial last week. Lally is such a first-rate horse that it is impossible to ignore him. All Black is in wonderfully good form at the present time, and must have a big chance on his recent performances. Carnegie has got in with a very small weight, and the Whatcombe people may be meditating a *coup* with him. Finally, I have not lost all faith in Sagamore. These, then, are the half-dozen between whom I think the Cambridgeshire rests. Best of them all I like **All Black**, and he will probably be my final selection next week.

Selections for Sandown

We shall see the best racing of the present week at Sandown Park on Thursday and Friday, and at the same meeting venturesome folk will endeavour to find winners "over the sticks" on Saturday. I cannot see anything likely to beat **Baltinglass** in the Sandown Stakes on the first day, when the Temple Handicap may be won by **Nero**. For the Coombe Plate on the following afternoon my selection is **Madame de Soubise**, while the Great Sapling Plate may be won by Mr. Gilpin's best, probably **Siberia**.

LOOK OUT FOR

CARBINE'S SPECIAL

FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Professional Golfers' Tournament

BRAID'S THIRD VICTORY — TAYLOR'S FINE FIGHT

Braid Approaching the Tenth Green

Braid's victory (by 4 up and 2 to play) is his third within the five years in which the Tournament has been in existence. His reward was a gold medal and £100

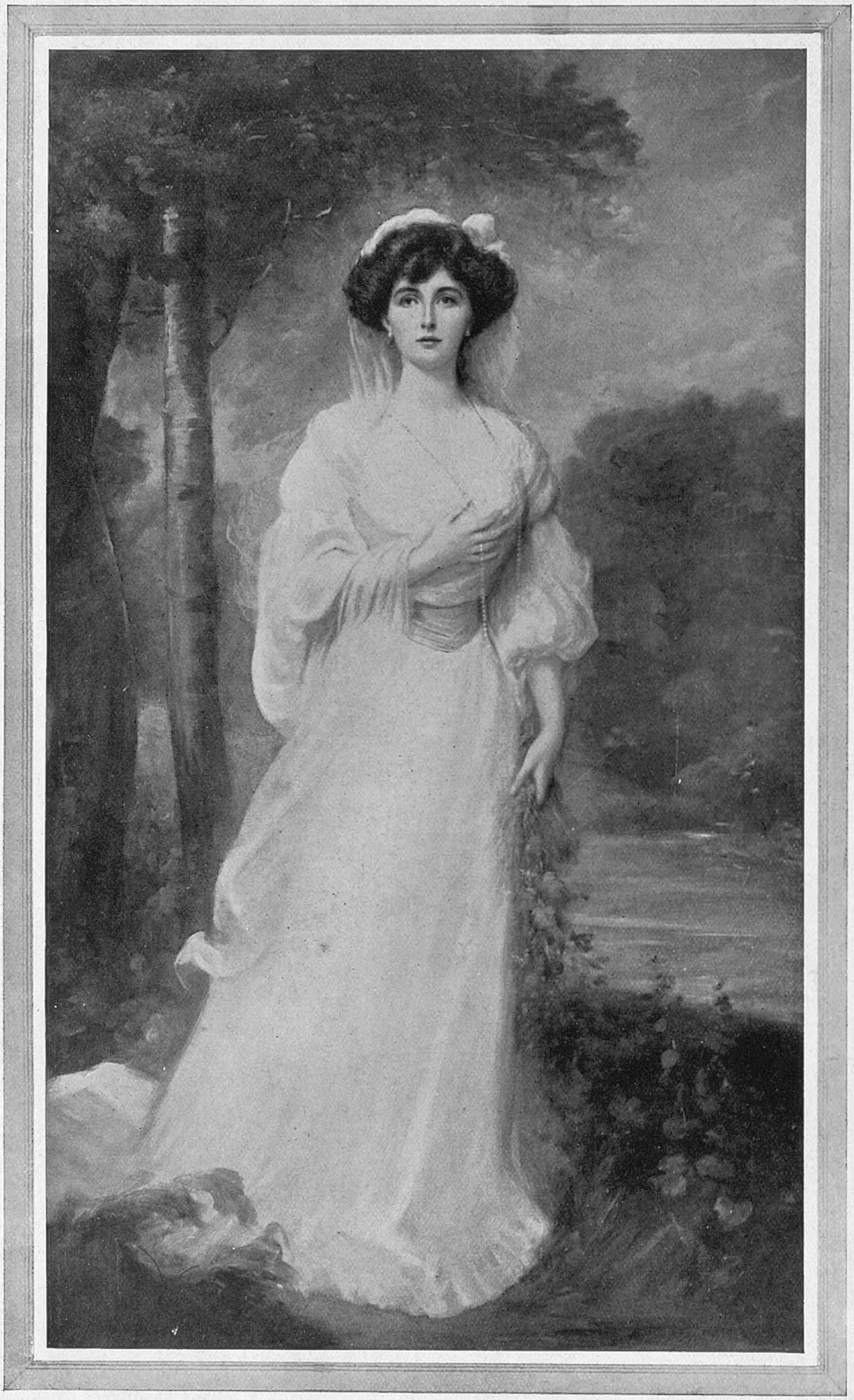
Taylor

As second in the Tournament, he won a silver medal and £30. His play was greatly admired

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Crowd of Spectators (about 800 in number) Watching the Play at Sunningdale

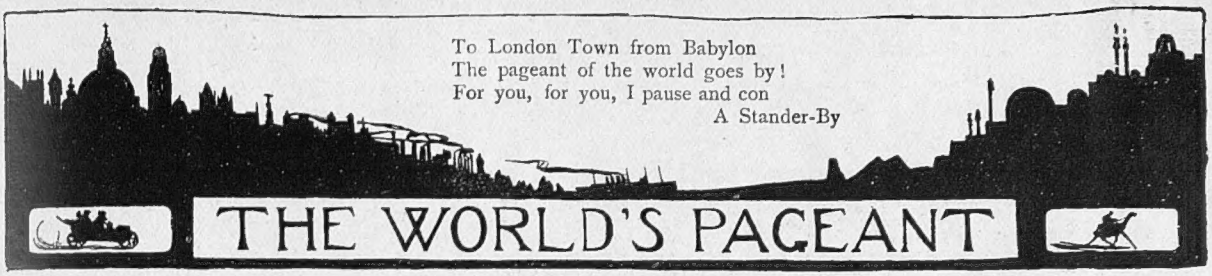
An Actress-Peeress



[From a painting by Ellis Roberts

THE COUNTESS OF CLONMELL

Formerly Miss Rachel Berridge. Her ladyship is now one of the keenest devotees of hunting and sport generally in Ireland. She is at present visiting London



Royal Movements

The grave news from Vienna, where, for many weeks past, Francis Joseph II. has been engaged in a struggle against the most sinister foe that has crossed even his troublous path, has, of course, caused a general disturbance in the plans of Europe's travelling monarchs. That the German Emperor's visit to England next month will take place goes, we hope, without saying, though political trouble in Austria might, conceivably, compel him to remain near at hand. Let us, however, hope that such a contingency will not arise. As to other Royalties, it looks very much as if London is to be the recipient of Vienna's lost visitors. King Alfonso and Queen Victoria, King Haakon and Queen Maud, will, it seems, spend with us the days originally booked up for the Austrian capital. The Prince and Princess of Wales have also abandoned their projected visit to Vienna.

* * *

The King

The King, in the unexpected fashion which characterises the Royal movements of to-day, remained at Newmarket, as the guest of Sir Ernest Cassel at Moulton Paddocks, after the Second October Meeting. His Majesty returns to Town to-day in time to receive the Queen, who arrives in London from Denmark to-morrow. Queen Alexandra will make but a short stay at Buckingham Palace, leaving almost immediately for Sandringham, where preparations are already on foot for the reception of the King and Queen of Spain early in November.

Photo *Skolik, Vienna*

The Emperor Francis Joseph II.

The most recent portrait of the Austrian Sovereign

* * *

The Week

The week between the Second October and the Houghton Meetings at Newmarket is always a pleasant one in Town. November darkness has not yet enshrouded us, and, with the King at Buckingham Palace, many people come to London. Most of them, however, are birds of passage, on the wing to various shooting-parties, and as few of the big houses are open, the restaurants and hotels reap the benefit. Bond Street, on a fresh October morning, is no bad place for a stroll and a meeting-place. The autumn opera is becoming quite fashionable—it blossomed out into tiaras the other night—and all the theatres are presenting something new for our gratification. Thanks to the kind offices of the *Daily Mail*, which declared the piece unfit for review in its columns, the most-talked-of play of the week is undoubtedly Miss Lena Ashwell's *Irene Wycherley* at the Kingsway. It is a most artistic production—unpleasant in parts certainly, but so is life, in parts—and it is wonderfully written and perfectly acted.

* * *

The Late Queen's Letters

The most-talked-of event of last week was the publication of the long-awaited letters of Queen Victoria. Almost wholly political in character, they reveal most clearly, nevertheless, as, perhaps, a series of letters confined to personal and domestic affairs could not have done, the mind and disposition of the late Queen. It is, in fact, from what the Queen did *not* write that we can judge her personality in these letters. She had a horror of the conspicuous, the abnormal. Her own point of view was the matter-of-fact point of view. Moderation in thought, deed, and word, a middle course in all things, it was her aim to secure. She had little sympathy with the brilliant and the decorative—of politicians of the strongly individual type she was suspect. Peel and Palmerston were neither of them in her good books. "Sound" is, perhaps, the best adjective to apply to her views—and it has been good for the country that it was so. As a woman so largely political in her interests, it is not, of course, surprising that the Queen noticed so little in her letters the names of men great in literature and philosophy. Save in music, where Queen Victoria showed pronounced sympathy for Mendelssohn, and was one of the very first to detect the genius of Wagner, she was not a patron of the arts, except when directly under the tutelage of the Prince Consort. "The Prince Consort," wrote Lord Melbourne once, "is bored with the sameness of his chess every evening. He would like to bring literary and scientific people about the Court, vary the society . . . but the Queen has no fancy to encourage such people." Of woman's

The Ghostly Gems: A Strand Phantasm

Startling the Jewel Thief: The Shop in the Strand where a Robbery was Frustrated by the "Vanishing Shield"

The shield is so arranged that, at the touch of the thief, it is made to fall backwards and vanish into the shop. The premises are those of the Association of Diamond Merchants, and the victim of the dodge was one Alec Taylor, now on remand at Bow Street on the charge of attempted shop-breaking

place in the world, she had the strongest views. Lucky for the Suffragette that she is of the Edwardian, rather than the Victorian, era, for "I am every day more convinced," wrote the Queen, in her exclamatory and much-italicised style, "that *we women, if* we are to be *good* women, *feminine* and *amiable* and *domestic*, are not *fitted* to *reign;* at least it is *contre gré* that they drive themselves to the *work* which it entails."

* * *

The Ghostly Gems

Glittering before his hungry eyes, he saw gold and silver, and gems of priceless worth. Crash! In a moment the glass which kept him from them was shattered. His nervous, twitching fingers were on the eve of grasping a shield decked with opals, and emeralds, and diamonds, pearls, and rubies, to say nothing of gems of lesser water. Then, suddenly, the unbelievable happened. Directly his hand had touched it, the shield, in a twinkling, vanished from sight. I am not here anticipating our Christmas Number by an attempt at a premature fairy tale, but am merely setting forth in appropriate style an actual fact recorded, last week, in the Police Courts. Alec Taylor, a hawker, was charged with attempted jewel robbery, but was frustrated by the "Vanishing Shield," which is no figment of Stevensonian fancy, but a stern reality of Strand shopmanship. To anticipate the attempts of Alecs in general, Mr. Margrett, manager of the Diamond Merchants, Jewellers, and Silversmiths, Ltd., had arranged a contrivance by which trays and other things, when touched, fall, not forwards into the streets, but backwards into mysterious depths. To explain the mechanism of the thing is no place of mine. I prefer to dwell on the delicate memory of the "Vanishing Shield," and to congratulate Alec Taylor on being one of the few modern men to enjoy, for a few brief moments of actual life, a sensation worthy of Fairyland at its very best.

* * *

An Actress-Peeress

The Countess of Clonmell, who is making a rare visit to Town before the Irish hunting season sets in with severity, married the young Earl of Clonmell nearly seven years ago, when he was only twenty-three years of age. Miss Rachel Berridge, as she then was, had adopted the dramatic profession, but being the daughter of a farmer and horse-breeder on the Duke of Buccleuch's Cawston estates in North Warwickshire, she was able to vary her stage labours with frequent jaunts in the hunting-field. It was while hunting that she met the Earl, and as both are as keen on hunting as that other peer-and-stage couple, Lord and Lady de Clifford, they are among the keenest followers of the hounds in Ireland. Lady Clonmell, who is very pretty, but who seldom leaves Co. Kildare to breathe the air of the town on the Liffey, has two daughters. The heir to the earldom is the Hon. Dudley Scott, Lord Clonmell's uncle.

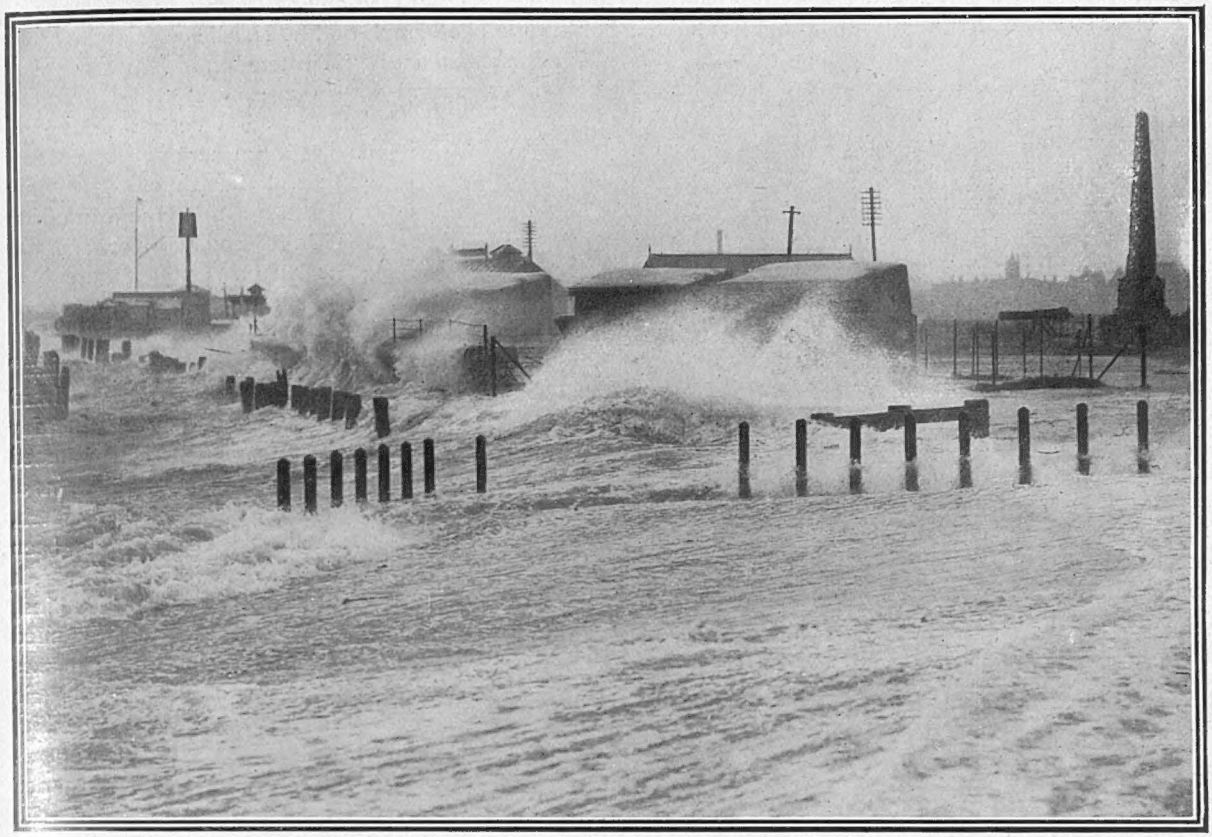
* * *

The Clonmell Earldom

Although the earldom of Clonmell is only a little more than a century old, there was a Viscount

A Wild Week-End

GALE AND FLOOD DEVASTATE COAST AND COUNTRYSIDE



Photo] **An Attack on Portsmouth: The defences flooded by tempestuous seas** *[Cribb*

The gales have been responsible for many wrecks round our coasts, and many liners proceeding up the Channel at the end of last week reported some of the heaviest weather they had ever experienced

Photo] **The Havoc in the Midlands: An inn inundated** *[Topical Agency*

The Railway Inn, Matlock Bridge, which was so flooded that the ground-floor furniture had to be carried upstairs. The Midlands, generally, have suffered enormous damage and inconvenience by the torrential rains. The streets of towns and villages have been converted into canals. Food and bicycle traffic has been made impossible. So great, further, has been the volume of water in Derbyshire that many of the stone walls so general in the county have been actually washed away

M.P.'s Abroad—In Very Different Rôles

Ligonier of Clonmell in 1757, the title being given to one of Marlborough's field-marshals. With the second Viscount the title became extinct. He married Penelope, the beautiful seventeen-year-old daughter of Lord Rivers. The marriage was an unhappy one. In the end, after fighting a duel, *à cause de* Penelope, with Count Alfieri, the poet, in the Green Park one fine morning, the Viscount divorced the lady and died childless.

* * *

Politicians on Their Travels

Anglo-Indian and military circles continue to mutter the name of Keir-Hardie in tones of execration. Since, however, his speech to the Babu agitators, that politician has discreetly kept his mouth shut. This may be because he has been convinced of the error of his ways in condoning sedition, or it may be because the hon. member is busy drafting the speeches he hopes to make to the discontented Maoris whom he will meet in New Zealand. I don't know that it really matters what Mr. Keir-Hardie is doing or saying. I am inclined to think that a great deal of unnecessary limelight has been thrown on him from the first. It is really difficult to believe that so mild and unassuming a gentleman (see photograph) could create any other feeling in the mind of the intelligent Babu than amused toleration. Side by side with the photograph of Mr. Hardie on his travels, we are publishing one of "Winston" on his. Mr. Churchill is shown sitting with the staff at the Governor's Palace, at Valetta. Nothing could, I am sure, be more suggestive of British official dignity and reserve than the expression on Mr. Churchill's face, and the general "tone" of his attire.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

For the Disruption of the Empire: Mr. Keir-Hardie

Photographed on the quay at Hong Kong

* * *

In Memory of Grieg

The first of the "In Memoriam" Concerts in honour of Edvard Grieg took place on Wednesday last. A crowded hall listened with rapt attention to the strains of the late composer's Funeral March, which had not previously been heard on an English orchestra. It is a conventional work of its kind, opening with the usual muffled monotones, but its climaxes are a little unusual, and its trio is quaint to a degree unfamiliar in a funeral march. The concert was notable for the fine performance of the pianoforte concerto—the composer's finest work—by Miss Johanne Stockmarr; and some of the familiar songs were rendered by Herr Anton Sistermans. However, Grieg is not a composer for the concert-room. His music, to be ideally appreciated, should fall quietly on the ear from some hidden corner of some drawing-room at twilight. It is too tiny, too timid, and too ingenuous for a large concert-hall.

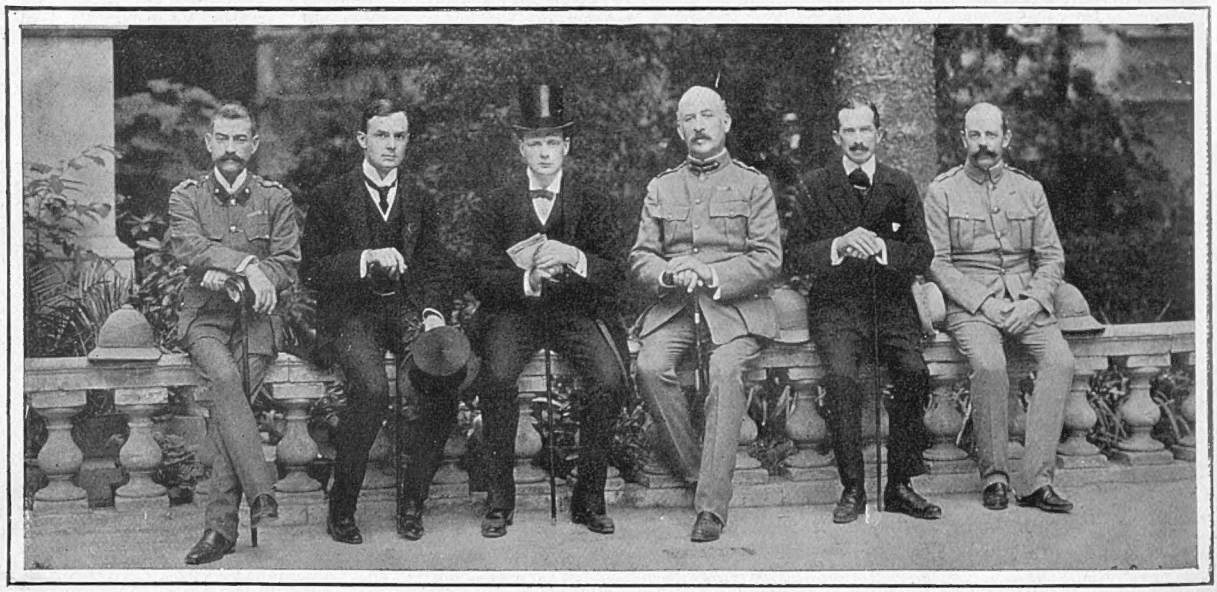


Photo *Ellis*

Left to right: Lieut.-Col. N. G. Biancardi, C.V.O., Colonial A.D.C.; Mr. Marsh, Private Secretary to the Mr. Churchill; Mr. Churchill; Major-Gen. H. Barrow, C.V.O., Officer Administrating the Government of Malta; Major Gordon Wilson, M.V.O., Horse Guards; Major Cadell, R.A., Acting-Assistant Military Secretary to the Governor Administrating

For the Consolidation of the Empire: Mr. Winston Churchill at Malta

(Photo taken at the Courtyard of the Governor's Palace, Valetta, Malta)

A Lady Landscape Gardener

Mrs. Grosvenor Digging in her Garden at Horrisburne House, Woking

Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

THE HON. MRS. RICHARD GROSVENOR IN HER STUDIO

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Grosvenor has evolved a new profession for women, in the shape of professional landscape gardening. She has all the practical qualifications for her work, and is, in addition, very artistic. The enterprise is a sound one, and in these days of the making of beautiful gardens, is sure to be a signal success. Mrs. Grosvenor is the wife of the Hon. Richard Grosvenor, brother of Lord Ebury

One of Our Two Women Composers

A Woman Composer

Miss Ethel Barns, the violinist and composer, who produced at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concert last week her new work for violin and orchestra, shares with Miss Ethel M. Smyth the distinction of being the only English woman composer. Miss Barns (who, by the way, is, in private life, Mrs. Charles Phillips, wife of the baritone) does not, however, resemble Miss Smyth in other ways. Miss Smyth affects an almost entirely masculine garb, loves country, and loathes Town. Miss Barns dresses in feminine fashion and lives in Town, from which, however, she sometimes escapes in a motor. Miss Barns has written two violin concertos, as well as several piano pieces and songs ; and the series of Chamber Concerts given by her and her husband every year are among the most artistic of the autumn and winter musical season.

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Autumn Marriages

The marriage of Viscount Curzon with his cousin, Miss Mary Curzon, is, owing to mourning in both the bride's and the bridegroom's families, to take place very quietly on one of the last days of the month. Colonel Montagu Curzon, the bride's father, died very suddenly only a month or so ago ; Mrs. Curzon, who is in very delicate health, was doing a rest-cure at the time of her husband's death ; and Viscount Curzon and his father are not yet out of mourning for the late Lady Howe. Viscount Curzon's title, by the way, it is interesting to note, marks the connection between the families of Lord Scarsdale and Earl Howe. The first Lord Howe was the representative of Nottingham in the Convention Parliament, and his grandson was the famous Admiral who was raised to the rank of an earldom.

Photo *Lena Connell*

Miss Ethel Barns

The well-known composer and violinist, who played the solo part of her new composition for violin and orchestra at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concert on Thursday last

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"Let Curzon Holde What Curzon Hath"

The Admiral left no sons, and his daughter inherited the barony on his death. She married the Hon. Penn Assheton Curzon, son of the first Viscount Curzon, who was a brother of the first Lord Scarsdale. The eldest son of this marriage, in addition to the Howe title, inherited the Viscounty of Curzon on the death of the first holder, and, acting on their motto of "Let Curzon Holde What Curzon Hath," the family have retained both titles since.

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A Lady Landscape-Gardener

The cult of the garden, as I have before remarked in these pages, is very much, especially for women, the cult of the hour. It is a fashionable hobby, though, I venture to think, a lasting one, and, in several cases, the cult has developed into serious business. Lady Limerick, for instance, cultivates shamrock for her league ; Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quin runs a thriving violet farm ; Lady Desart is endeavouring to establish the tobacco plant in Co. Kilkenny ; and the Hon. Frances Wolseley has a school for gardening and a market-garden at Glynde, in Sussex. It has been left, however, to the Hon. Mrs. Richard Grosvenor, of Woking, to evolve the profession of landscape-gardening for women. Mrs. Grosvenor is taking up, professionally, the business of a landscape-gardener. She has all the practical qualifications for the work, and, in addition, is very artistic. Thus, when you place your garden or land into her hands for architectural improvement, she will, before beginning the work, paint a sketch of the anticipated result for your approval and suggestions. The enterprise is a sound one, and likely, in these days of building and the enlarging and beautifying of gardens, to be a signal success. Mrs. Grosvenor is the wife of the Hon. Richard Grosvenor, brother of Lord Ebury, and a daughter of the late Rev. Charles Clarke, of Esher.

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Cardinal Rampolla

Cardinal Rampolla, who is, it is rumoured, owing to his divergence of opinion with the foreign policy of the Pope, to give up his dignity as a Cardinal and retire into a monastery, was formerly Secretary to the Vatican, in the post now occupied by Cardinal Merry del Val. He is one of the strongest men in Rome. Clever, ambitious, diplomatic, with powerful intellect and strong passions, he hoped to succeed Pope Leo XIII. Had he done so, or remained Secretary, there would have been no split with France, and no Papal Encyclical against Modernism. His sympathies are French, his tastes advanced, and he is not of the school which divorces religion from science. But he was too clever and too strong. The Cardinals—and also the Powers—like an amiable figure-head on the Papal throne. Hence Austria's veto, the appointment of Pope Pius X. and Cardinal Rampolla's resignation of his ministerial post in 1903.

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Sinister Strength

I met Cardinal Rampolla often, in Rome, in the last years of the late Pope's reign. He is reputed to be the son of a butcher. Tall, dark, and powerfully built, he has a very strong face, with the drooping eyelid which produces a sinister appearance. It was a face carved ruggedly out of granite, yet it could light up on rare occasions with the charming tender smile which is so

More Autumn Matches

Princess Louise of France

Prince Charles of Bourbon Caserta

The Princess is a daughter of the late Comte de Paris, and a sister of the Duc d'Orléans, while Prince Charles is the brother-in-law of the King of Spain

A ROYAL ALLIANCE

Photo *Thomson*

Viscount Curzon

To marry, this month, his cousin, Miss Mary Curzon. He is the eldest son of Earl Howe

Photo *Downey*

Miss Mary Curzon

The daughter of the late Colonel Montagu Curzon, who is shortly to marry Viscount Curzon

Photo *Weiss, Bermuda*

Miss Lucy Lyon Playfair

The only daughter of Lord Playfair, who is engaged to Captain Soltan-Symonds

Photo *K. Collings*

Miss May Violet Blyth

Who is marrying, on November 16, Captain Richard Pulteney-Pulteney, of the Oxford Light Infantry. She is the only child of Mr. Carlton Blyth

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

LAST WEEK'S DREADFUL RAILWAY DISASTER AT SHREWSBURY: THE WRECKED ENGINE AND CARRIAGES ON THE FATAL CURVE

A terrible accident occurred at Shrewsbury in the early hours of Tuesday last week to the West of England express from Crewe to Bristol. The express, composed of North-Western and Great Western rolling stock, left the metals at a sharp curve leading into Shrewsbury Station, and the whole of the train excepting the last two carriages was splintered to atoms. Eighteen persons, including the driver, fireman, and one of the guards were killed on the spot, while thirty more were seriously injured. Mr. Lloyd-George, on receipt of the news, proceeded at once to the scene of the disaster, and ordered an open inquiry on behalf of the Board of Trade, at which was divulged the fact that the train, though the signals were all at danger, took the curve at a speed of no less than sixty miles an hour. It was, in fact, literally running away.

Rampolla to Resign?—Comings-of-Age

compelling in those who are habitually grave. I hear from Rome that his failure in the Papal race shattered his ambition. It must, indeed, have tortured his pride to assist at the Coronation as a super when he had hoped to be the head and front of all. His hair has, since then, turned grey, though he is still one of the younger Cardinals. Laszlo painted a magnificent portrait of him clad in his scarlet robes, and depicting with consummate skill that *beauté du diable* which is the Cardinal's salient physical characteristic.

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More Majorities

The Hon. George Herbert, who recently attained his majority, is the second son of Lord Pembroke, and is a Lieutenant in the Oxfordshire Volunteer Light Infantry. Both he and his brother inherit the good looks for which their father, one of the handsomest men in the House of Lords, and their mother—a Lambton—are celebrated, and all the Herberts are extremely youthful-looking. Lady Beatrice Herbert, sister of the Marquis of Anglesey, and wife of Lord Pembroke's eldest son, looked, at the recent manœuvres in Wiltshire, about sixteen, and was laughingly referred to as the "Mother of Two." She rode about, splendidly mounted, her hair tied up "flapper" fashion behind, with her great friend, Princess Patricia of Connaught.

The Hon. George Herbert

Second son of Lord Pembroke, who came of age the other day. He is a Lieutenant in the Oxfordshire Volunteer Light Infantry

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A Peer in the Carpet Trade

Both Lord and Lady Pembroke take practical interest in the carpet factory on their Wilton estate. Lord Pembroke, a year or two ago, with Lord Radnor, Sir J. Dickson-Poynder, and one or two others, formed a private company and bought up the Wilton Carpet Factory. The carpets produced give much employment. They have about 186,000 knots of wool in every square yard, and the cost works out at about £6 6*s.* a yard. Lord Pembroke, who still bears a reputation for good dressing, has twice been Lord of the Treasury, and was for ten years Lord Steward of the Household. The Herbert family, on the distaff side, is partly Russian by descent.

Photo *Le Lieure*

Cardinal Rampolla

Whose resignation of the dignity of Cardina is rumoured. He is alleged to have differences with the Pope on matters of foreign policy

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Lord Clifton of Rathmore

There have been great rejoicings at Cobham Hall, Gravesend, for the coming of age of Lord Clifton of Rathmore, son and heir of Lord Darnley. He is, like his father, an old Etonian—I saw him take, very creditably, the part of Sir Christopher Hatton in *The Critic* at a recent Fourth of June "speeches"—and he is immensely tall—something like six-foot seven, I believe. He is a nice boy and clever, and is very musical, with a gift for composition. Lady Darnley is one of our few Colonial peeresses. Lord Darnley, as Ivo Bligh, met her when in Victoria with his British team. Affability and amiability are her watchwords, and she is very nice-looking, generally wearing brown, to correspond with her brown hair and eyes. She dabbles in letters, perpetrated a novel, "Elma Trevor," and contributes sometimes to the monthlies. Cobham Hall is a most interesting old place. King Charles and Henrietta Maria honeymooned there, and Queen Elizabeth, the Duchess of Kent, and Queen Victoria, as a girl, visited there.

MORE MAJORITIES ATTAINED!

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Two Hunting Women

Mrs. Lionel Walrond and Lady Garioch are two ladies well known in the hunting field. Mrs. Walrond is the well-dowered daughter of Mr. George Coats, of Belleisle, Ayr, and is married to the eldest son and heir of Lord Waleran (late Sir W. Walrond). Lady Garioch (pronounced "Geery," by the way) married, four years ago, the

Photo *Lafayette*

Lord Clifton of Rathmore

Heir of Lord Darnley, who also came of age the other day. Like his father, he is an Etonian, but has artistic and musical tastes. He is about 6ft. 7in. in height

Some Popular Sportswomen

future Earl of Mar. Lady Garioch, who is extremely musical and plays both the violin and piano very delightfully, was a Miss Sybil Heathcote, and her girlhood was spent at Manton, near Oakham, in the very hub and centre of the fashionable hunting world. Lord Garioch is a typical Scot, both in appearance and pursuits. Sport and travel are his hobbies. He is a first-rate shot with grouse and pheasants, and sometimes shoots chamois in Austria. He is not wealthy, but he owns a "lang pedigree," the Garioch title dating back to 1336. The origin of the Earls of Mar is lost in antiquity; one of the earliest known records of the family relates to a Ruadri Mormaer of Mar, who is mentioned in the "Book of Deer" as one of the seven Earls *temp.* Alexander I.

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A Derby Race-Party

Lady Noreen Bass, who has been entertaining a large party at Byrkley Lodge, Burton-on-Trent, for the Derby races, and who also had a small party of friends staying with her at Godolphin House, Newmarket, for the "Second October" last week, is a daughter of the late Earl of Huntingdon. She married into the "Beerage" four years ago, her husband, Mr. William Bass, being nephew and heir to Lord Burton, of brewery fame, whose only child is Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour. Lady Noreen shares her husband's taste for racing (he is the owner of Sceptre and Cyllene), and both are members of the keen Newmarket racing set. Lady Noreen does not entertain very much in London at 145, Piccadilly, but when she does, the occasion is usually made one of the events of the season.

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Changing Owners

Two well-known London houses have lately changed hands. Warwick House, St. James's Palace, the Town residence of the Earl of Warwick, has been acquired by an American lady (Miss Dodge); and Sussex Lodge, Regent's Park, better known as Annesley Lodge, has been bought by Colonel Hall Walker. Warwick House, which is comparatively modern and quite small, is being much decorated and improved for Transatlantic feminine occupation. It stands rather hidden away in the corner of Stable Yard, facing Stafford House, and it adjoins the official residence of the Lord Chamberlain. It has been leased, direct from the Crown, for about twelve years, and is not one of the assets of the Warwick Estates, Ltd., the Company formed eight years ago to acquire the estates of Lord Warwick.

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"Annesley Lodge"

Annesley Lodge, Regent's Park, which Colonel Hall Walker, of racing renown, has purchased, was for many years the residence of Lord Annesley and his first wife, to whom her eminent grandfather, Sir Francis Grant, President of the Royal Academy, bequeathed the house. Since his second marriage, to Miss Priscilla Moore, a Dublin beauty, Lord Annesley has resided in Dublin, using one of the big hotels as his London headquarters. Colonel Hall Walker is the third son of the late Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, who made an enormous fortune out of beer, and Mrs. Hall Walker is a lineal descendant of Sheridan. Mrs. Hall Walker is a great Bridge player and golfer, and will find the charming gardens which surround her new house very useful for the exercising of her innumerable tiny black Pomeranians with which she constantly takes prizes. She has been very much to the fore in the Royal set at Marienbad during the last year or two.

Photo Keturah-Collings

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Walrond

The wife of the heir to Lord Waleran and daughter of Mr. George Coats, of Belleisle, Ayr. She is a well-known figure in the hunting world

Taken at Sandown, July 19, 1907

Mr. William and Lady Noreen Bass

Entertaining at Byrkley Lodge for the Derby races

Photo Thomson

Lady Garioch

A well-known figure in the hunting world

Discovered at Last

FESTIVE GENTLEMAN: "So you're the shcoundrel that's turning the shtreet round, are you?"

BY CHARLES CROMBIE

Those "Romantic" Weddings!

£20,000 Damages

Mrs. Atherton, who is bringing an action for breach of promise against the Hon. John Yarde-Buller, son and heir of Lord Churston, claiming £20,000 damages, is the divorced wife of Colonel Atherton, C.B., late of the 12th Lancers, and a sister of Sir Aubrey Deane Paul. Captain Yarde-Buller, who is thirty-three years of age, has been married since early in the year to Miss Smithers (Denise Orme, the actress), but the marriage has only lately been publicly announced. In the Atherton divorce case, Captain Yarde-Buller was the co-respondent. Mrs. Atherton, who has masses of red-gold hair and is very tall, and her little son, have for several years been well-known figures on the river between Taplow and Cookham. Colonel Atherton's house, Amberley Lodge, overlooks the towing-path, and faces Cliveden Woods and the grounds of Taplow Court, Lord Desborough's seat. Captain Yarde-Buller is one of the finest punters on the Thames, and is very well known in the riverside-world.

Photo *H. W. Barnett*

Mrs. Atherton

Who is bringing an action for breach of promise (and £20,000 damages) against the Hon. John Yarde-Buller (son and heir-apparent of Lord Churston), recently married to Miss Denise Orme, the actress

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More Hapsburg "Romance"

The new Frau Wölfling, *née* Lene Ritter, is, a letter from Berlin informs me, a familiar figure in a certain class of society in that city. She came to Berlin some years ago and took a situation as a servant. She soon, however, abandoned that profession for one rather more lucrative, if less respectable. Her husband, Herr Wölfling, ex-Archduke Leopold of Austria, and brother of Signora Toselli, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, met her in Munich, before his divorce from his first wife, the actress Adamovitch, was made absolute. Lene Ritter is well over thirty, but still handsome. The ex-Archduke, it is said, had to strike a bargain to get her, another gentleman having just then a prior claim. Leopold and his sister, Marie Antoinette, seem, in fact, to be striving to outdo each other in the squalor of their domestic affairs. *Noblesse oblige* would appear a dead letter to them, and their anxiety to unite and mingle with the lower classes is only equalled by their success in doing so.

Photo *Devitte*

The Countess Montignoso's Brother Marries a Housemaid

The Geneva newspapers announce the marriage of the ex-Archduke Leopold of Austria, better known as Herr Wölfling, a brother of the Countess Montignoso, to Fraulein Ritter, who was once a housemaid in a Berlin family. The Royal romance has culminated in the little village church of Regensdorp, a few miles north of Zurich

The Shrewsbury Disaster

The weather seems to be asserting itself in a new and unfamiliarly sinister light. Latterly, it has taken up the rôle of railway-wrecker with a thoroughness hitherto unknown in this country. As the last serious railway disaster in these isles—that of Arbroath—was caused by the unexpectedly severe snowfall of last January, so the even more terrible accident at Shrewsbury seems to have been traceable, in the first instance, to the heavy rainfall, and the consequent greasiness of the metals. Shrewsbury's toll of human life was terribly severe, and none the less sad because the majority of the killed and injured were of humble rank. Coming, as it did, at a moment when we are threatened with a railway strike, the disaster is a lurid reminder of the power over life and death which the railwayman has in his hands, and which makes it trebly important to the public that his relations with his employers should be on a footing of mutual trust and esteem.

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To Dress or Not to Dress

The question as to whether or not the rule of evening dress is to be enforced in public dining-rooms is still very much on the *tapis*. It will be remembered that, a short time ago, a peer and his wife were refused admittance to the Savoy Restaurant on the ground that they were not in evening dress. The affair caused some excitement and public interest. The management of the Savoy, therefore, whose rules, it must be conceded, are made and enforced only in the general interest, have decided to canvass their patrons on the subject. They have sent out five hundred postcards to different patrons, asking whether the rule should be maintained or abandoned. The result will be made known this week, and the decision abided by. Without doubt, the evening-dress rule is one which not only contributes greatly to the harmony and brilliance of the scene, but also provides one of the great attractions of the smart restaurant in the eyes of its public.

CONTINENTAL CHAT

King Alfonso's Unknown Lovers

The visit of the King and Queen of Spain to Austria, which was postponed owing to the illness of the Emperor Francis Joseph (to which reference is made on another page), had no political significance. It was to have been merely a visit of courtesy, the houses of Spain and Austria being intimately connected. Of all the European monarchs, King Alfonso is the one round whom the most idle romances are woven. His irresistibly boyish frankness lends itself thereto. Were he or his secretaries to attempt to reply to the numerous love epistles he receives during the year, they would have little else to do. I am acquainted with one correspondent who has written regularly for two years to the King of Spain without receiving an answer, but who has never lost hope since Edward VII.'s Secretary acknowledged her letter of sympathy on the death of his favourite hound. Alfonso XIII. has one great admirer in Paris, a kitchen gardener in the Rue Guy de Maupassant, at Passy. In spite of bombs and other State festivities, which were thrust upon him during his short stay in the French capital, Alfonso had time to notice this picturesque little corner of Paris, the hobby of one of the signalmen of the *ceinture* railway. The fruit and vegetables in this little garden are arranged as if they were the flower-beds of a palace, and in such an original manner that Alfonso at once asked for all particulars concerning the owner. Nothing succeeds like success. Royal patronage has given the signalman courage to attempt even the cultivation of exotic plants, and to the King of Spain are sent the first fruits of his little land.

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Troubles of Queen-Mothers

The lot of a Queen-Mother is never a happy one. Queen Christina of Spain has, it is known, but little influence over her daughter-in-law in matters domestic. Another Queen-Mother whose advice is neither appreciated nor followed is the Dowager-Queen of Italy. For months now this Royal lady has been travelling in her motor-car — *incognito*, of course —

Nice Greatly Improved!: The Promenade des Anglais

Nice is very pleased with itself these times. Thanks to an energetic municipality, the works which have been going forward to re-pave and re-drain the town are now practically completed. This looks promising for the season, which is now drawing near

and never does she express the slightest inclination to return to her beloved Rome. The truth is that Queen Marguerite and her daughter-in-law are not on very good terms. The mother has never quite forgiven her son's marriage, and the fact that the Italian Court has become extraordinarily *bourgeois* The King is economical, the Queen devotes herself exclusively to her children, and the noble Roman lords who paid homage to Queen Marguerite have ceased to frequent the palace. The Dowager-Queen considers such neglect an insult to herself, and for this reason she travels and travels, and on no account will she read an Italian paper.

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King Leopold and His Daughters

The sale of the jewels of the late Queen of the Belgians, which is to take place shortly, is providing the Congo agitators with splendid material against their opponent. Everywhere the news has created the most unsatisfactory impression, and not even the most biased partisans of Leopold II. approve of his allowing these jewels to be sold. It is useless for outsiders to discuss the private affairs of the Belgian Royal family, and although this unfatherly father's conduct seems incomprehensible, he is so sure his attitude is right that he is willing rather to brave the criticism of the whole world than give way to his daughters. Princess Louise's liabilities amount to £180,000; her millionaire father could pay that sum over and over again, but this he refuses to do. The only object that the King has decided to purchase is the Brussels lace veil, which is embroidered with the arms of Belgium and the escutcheons of the nine provinces of Belgium. The King will purchase this to prevent its becoming the property of the City Council. Of the other jewels, I am informed on very good authority that they will be sold, and then re-sold to the King, who will in this manner be the possessor of the family jewels, and, at the same time, master of his daughters.

Princess Louise of Saxe-Coburg

Daughter of King Leopold. Her debts and misfortunes are again before the public

The Crown Princess of Denmark

About whose health serious rumours are current. She is the daughter of the late Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and, therefore, the sister of the German Crown Princess

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The Crown Princess of Denmark

The Crown Princess of Denmark, who, it is feared, is developing all the symptoms of rapid consumption, is the elder of the two daughters of the late Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, her only sister being the German Crown Princess. Despite the fact that the late Grand Duke, their father, died by his own hand, and that their mother, the Grand Duchess Anastasia (born a Russian Grand Duchess), is one of the most lively and unconventional of European Royalties, these two daughters have made the most brilliant marriages of their day. Both are the mothers of prospective Sovereigns, the Crown Princess of Denmark having two little sons. Their only brother is married to Princess Alexandra of Cumberland. The German Crown Princess, before her marriage, never dared to spend a winter in the North. The Kaiser, it is well known, viewed with mixed feelings his son's alliance with so delicate a girl, the daughter of a fashionable and anything but domesticated mother and an ailing father. However, the Princess has gone through the first year or so of married life without being ordered South, and both she and the Crown Princess of Denmark have managed to win the love and approval of their respective husbands' people.

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"Winston" on his Travels

Mr. Churchill has been covering himself with laurels on his tour of the Island Colonies, prior to penetrating the heart of Africa. It is difficult to realise that the "Winston" who has been giving those discreet and statesmanlike replies to the Maltese and Cypriot deputations which have waited on him to ventilate their religious and political difficulties, is the Winston of the Natal affair, of Chinese "slavery" renown, and of door-slamming celebrity. "Ah, yes?" "Really!" "Dear, dear!"—in words to that effect has he received the proposals put before him, committing himself to nothing, promising nothing, save always that, come what may, the British Government is going to maintain its rights wherever flies the British flag. Mr. Chamberlain himself could not have done better, from the "Office" point of view, than the once wayward and wilful Winston on this, his first official tour.

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Improvements at Nice

My Nice correspondent writes enthusiastically of the immense municipal improvements, which are now completed after four years of hard labour. The main thoroughfares have been completely re-paved, the Avenue de la Gare has been asphalted, and all gas-pipes, electric cables, and wires have been placed under the side-walks. The drainage has been vastly modernised, and, as a result, the health of Nice continuously improved. Thanks for the work are being enthusiastically proposed to the Mayor (Senator Honoré Sauvan) and the Municipality.

Winston the Wise Visits Cyprus

SCENES IN THE ISLAND COLONY

Nicosia, the Capital: View taken from a Mosque

MR. CHURCHILL'S Colonial tour, though of an official character, is being taken very seriously by the Under-Secretary. His speeches, in Cyprus particularly, were models of discretion. Mr. Churchill received deputations galore, and assured the Cypriots of the Government's goodwill, emphasising its intention to "respect the national sentiments of both races," and resolutely repudiating any desire on the part of Britain to abandon the Island.

Street Scene at the Annual Fair at Nicosia

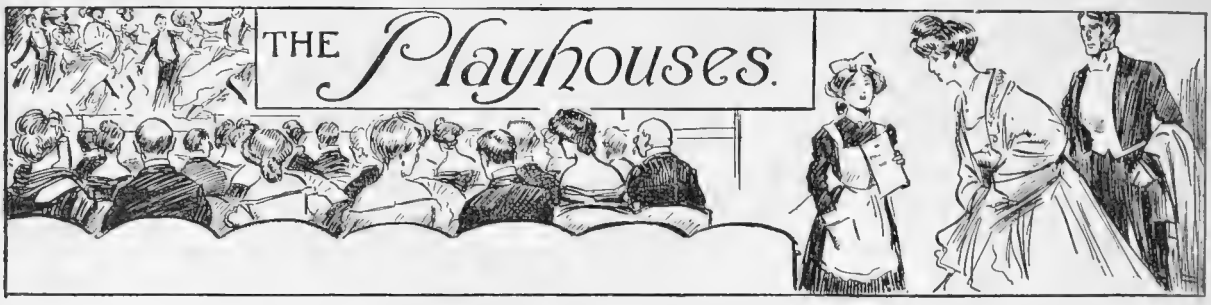
Moslem Women of Nicosia

Photos

A Turn-out of the Cyprus Police

Miss Craven

Scene Outside a Café in the Capital



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

COMEDY THEATRE

"The Barrier"

Mr. Sutro's new and original play is an ill-constructed affair. Having shown himself in *John Glayde's Honour* a master of construction, Mr. Sutro whimsically sinks back to his novitiate stage. Many hundred plays as clumsily written are gathering the dust upon the shelves of beginners. A sentimental interest attaches to these sour fruits of the beginner's harvest. But the sentiment is best enjoyed in private. Occasionally, an officious admirer of the great man disinters them. Then does the great man weep over his early indiscretions.

Every seven years, we are told, man sheds all his old ideas, points of view, ideals—his very personality. It is not fair to the new man to show him a picture of the old. Many a great author must marvel that ever he produced some of his early works. It is conceivable that Mr. Sutro, like others who have come into their kingdom, sometimes fondles the tattered brown-covered manuscripts which represent the work of those eleven years during which, as he told us, he knocked at the doors of managers. It is astonishing that he should have the hardihood to allow Mr. Charles Frohman to present Miss Marie Tempest in one of these jejune productions. *The Barrier* is so far inferior to Mr. Sutro's latest work that I am assuming it is the work of his earlier years. Anyhow, Mr. Frohman or Mr. Sutro, or both, must have an exaggerated idea of the importance attaching to a name.

The Barrier is discursive and disjointed. It sets out to tell the difficulties which beset Lord Ronald Dumaray (Mr. A. E. Matthews) in his courtship of the actress, Margaret Verrall (Miss Marie Tempest). If aristocratic parents, by the way, seriously object to these unions, there must, of late years, have been many aristocratic houses divided against themselves.

Mr. Sutro arrests the development of this theme. Margaret Verrall is invited to Dumaray Castle to be looked over by her prospective relations-in-law, and then the Ronald-Margaret affair is switched off to make room for another theme—the engagement of the innocent young thing, Lady Alma, with Eustace Marrillier, whom she loathes. The connecting link between the two themes lies in the fact that Marrillier and Margaret Verrall have shared the same past. But Mr. Sutro has made the very roughest job of his joinery. His treatment of these two subjects is prolix and discursive. It is true he is clever enough to leave the final issue in doubt. But long before the solution is reached we have become thoroughly tired of the problem. "Tell us how the play ends and let us go home" is our cry. Mr. Sutro irritates rather than stimulates our curiosity. There are certain problems which do not admit of more than the bare statement. Of this nature is the riddle set forth in *The Barrier*. We say "Give it up" almost before the propounder has finished his question. And it seems as though Mr. Sutro were never likely to make an end of his propounding. Margaret Verrall, for instance, is touched by the tragedy which must follow swiftly upon the marriage of Lady Alma with Eustace Marrillier. We know that, to save the girl, she is going to pay the price of her own happiness — confession. We sit waiting for that confession to be made. Early in the third act the scene is laid for the confession. All the characters in the play have crowded into the sanctum

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks and their little daughter at their Surrey cottage

Miss Ellaline Terriss is seated at the wheel of their 30-40 h.-p. Fiat, on which she and her husband travel nightly to the Aldwych Theatre from Merstham, Surrey, where they have a delightful country retreat

SKETCHED AT TERRY'S THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

of the simple-minded, bird-fancying old Duke of St. Edmunds. Then follows a scene which is so artless as to cause the least sophisticated house to titter. Everyone tries to talk, and is immediately interrupted. No one will give Margaret a chance to speak. The unhappy Lady Alma alone is tongue-tied. A picture of abject misery, her attitude is a mute protest against her approaching marriage. Her brother Ronald, stung to fury by her unhappiness, attempts to go for Marrillier. The elder brother, the Marquis of Studland, intervenes, and the impetuous Ronald is soothed up stage. All is confusion and hubbub. The strong-minded and cordially disliked sister-in-law, Lady Studland (a travesty of a character, played with no certain touch by Miss Lillah McCarthy), at last restores order. Margaret Verrall is given the floor for her confession. More hubbub and confusion.

In the last act occurs the best scene in the play. Lord Ronald, chivalrous boy, makes a brave effort to tell Margaret that "it makes no difference." She, womanlike, pierces through the pretence, and finally marries her faithful and devoted friend, Captain Erquen (Mr. Allan Aynesworth), who has been hovering round ready to protect Margaret from everything and everybody. We felt convinced that his exit for India, after saying good-bye to Margaret, was not the last we should see of him.

Miss Marie Tempest is not often called upon to play a rôle without a single laugh in it. The same observation may be made of Mr. A. E. Matthews. Both made what they could of the slender chances afforded them. Miss Muriel Beaumont has not, so far, been given a character to play which rises much above the lightest of comedy relief. We generally see her as the sunny English girl who lolls about in hammocks, swings her picture-hat by the ribbons, and is altogether delectable. The rôle of Lady Alma Dumaray is quite another affair. She is the young girl, indeed, but she has to face the prospect of marriage with a man she detests. Miss Beaumont played with great sincerity and artistic restraint. Without a single exaggerated touch she made us feel the horror of her position.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Lena Ashwell

Who has opened her career as manageress at the Kingsway Theatre with a striking play, *Irene Wycherley*, by a new author, Mr. Wharton

CRITERION THEATRE

"The Mollusc"

People asked what is a mollusc? How can anyone write a play with only four characters in it? The answers were given at the Criterion Theatre. A mollusc, as explained by honest, indignant Tom Kemp (Sir Charles Wyndham), from Colorado, is a clinging sea animal that, washed by the tide, wriggles and works desperately hard—to stick in its place. As for the second question, Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, in a comedy vein, is not bound by the number of his characters. In this irresistible mood he is far above convention. Around Mrs. Baxter (Miss Mary Moore) he has written a comedy as delicate as gossamer—a play that will draw the town, a play instinct with such a spirit of mirth that it is almost as difficult to catch and describe as Puck.

Mrs. Baxter has been a mollusc from infancy. She possesses the terrible strength of the supine. For years she has ruled the roast with the rod of weakness. Her husband and the impulsive governess, Miss Roberts, are at her beck and call at all hours of the day. Her brother, Tom Kemp, fresh from the wide plains of Colorado sizes up the situation in a moment. He will take his lackadaisical hypochondriacal sister in hand and rouse her to healthy energy. He will dissipate the enervating mists of molluscery (the word is by now all over London). His first attempt is the apparently simple one of making his sister fill three vases of flowers. The comedy of this scene has a cumulative effect. The audience commences with ripples of laughter; at the end of the scene they are almost hysterical. Of course, the brother is utterly routed. In the gentlest fashion his sister makes him fetch the vases, then draw the water. Still he fights for victory. He takes out the flowers from the vase he has filled and throws them on the table. Exit Mrs Baxter and enter her husband. The two men are anxiously discussing the first attack upon Mrs. Baxter. Enter Miss Roberts. "Mrs. Baxter has just asked me to arrange the flowers."

And so the play progresses from one comedy scene to another. The climax is reached when Mrs. Baxter, with a delightful *moue* of injured innocence, complains of her brother's efforts to rouse her. "What!" cries the husband, "you knew of this plan?" "Of course, the stupidest woman could see through it."

There is little story in the play. The author is very discreet with his love passages between Tom Kemp and Miss Roberts. It is the humorous exploitation of Mrs. Baxter's character that is his chief business. Miss Mary Moore's performance of Mrs. Baxter is almost as difficult to describe as the play itself. But one can get round the difficulty: her performance is perfect. Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Sam Sothern, and Miss Elaine Inescourt made up a delightful quartette. Miss Inescourt is a newcomer of rare promise. Here is a young lady with good looks, a pleasing voice, and that which ranks above everything—brains.

E. C. S.

Owing to pressure upon our space, notices of "The Sugar Bowl" at The Queen's Theatre, and "Irene Wycherley," at the Kingsway, are unavoidably held over.

RANCHING OUT WEST

Remarkable Photographs of Cowboy Life and Work in Montana

Photo *C. E. Morris*

"BRONCO-BUSTING": A UNIQUE SNAPSHOT

One of the most lively and interesting phases of cowboy life is the breaking in of untrained and almost wild horses, which, as shown above, is anything but an easy task. In the great struggle to test who is to be master—the man or the beast—the bronco exercises almost demoniacal ingenuity in order to unseat his rider. The photographing of one of these struggles for supremacy is no trivial matter, and Mr. Morris tried for nine years and exposed nearly one hundred plates before being successful in obtaining this striking picture, which is probably the best and most realistic ever "snapped" of bronco-busting

Branding an Outlaw Steer after a Round-up

"FREE AS
FIRST M
The Cowboy's
His Herds on

Photos

A MAGNIFICENT HERD ON

Few careers vie in fascination with that of the cowboy in the Wild West. The photographs here reproduced give, at a glance, a graphic impression of the immensity of the herds which are under his daily observation. Those of us who know only the meagre little English meadows, with their modest, peacefully browsing herds, can only glance in awe-stricken amazement at such a vista as that presented in the photograph above, where one "cowboy" sits, in solitary state, watching thousands and thousands of beasts, worth thousands and thousands of pounds, doting t as far as the eye can reach. A splendid sight over the broad landscape, which seems to be colours, from the little unweaned calf to hundreds of hills and gulches whence the up," first the beef steers have to be parted

S NATURE
ADE MAN"

lorious Life with
he Open Prairie .

A Pastoralz in Montana: A Sheep Ranch in Lambing Time

C. E. Morris

BEEF STEERS ON THE PRAIRIE

the prairie alternately black and white almost
t it is to look down from some rising ground
e literally alive with cattle of all sizes, ages, and
o the lordly old bull, brought together from
have wandered. In the work of "rounding-
d out, then the cows with calves for branding, and lastly the strays. This means days of hard work under a broiling sun, while the dust raised by the animals almost turns day into night. The great thing to be feared during the course of these operations is a stampede, to which the cattle are very liable owing to their nervous state after the excitement of the rounding-up. Very little will cause a panic, and then woe betide the unfortunate man or horse who comes in the track of the onrushing wave of pitiless horns and hoofs!

The Cowboy's "Home Life"

A Typical Cowboy's "Shack" in Montana

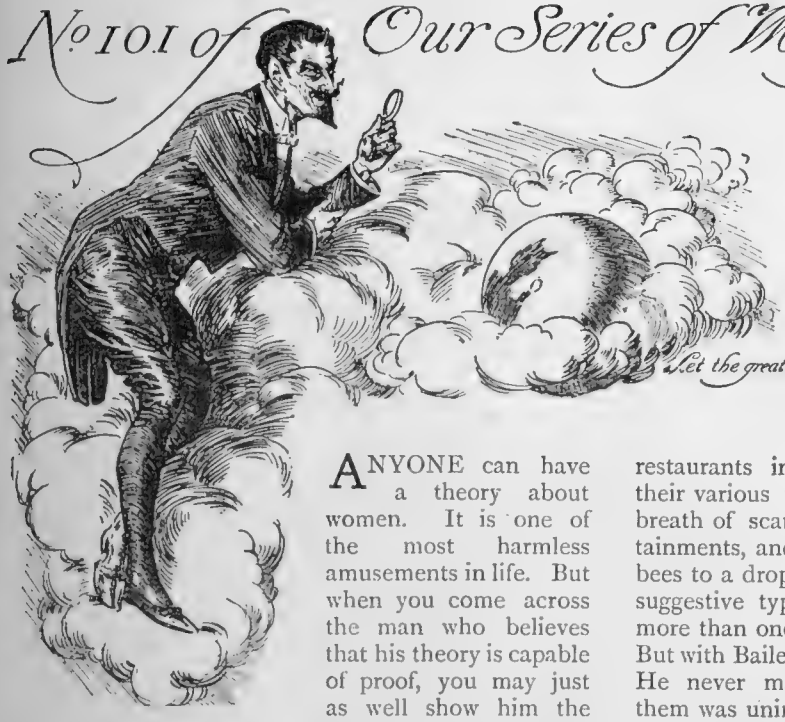
Rough and ready as may appear the western bachelor's home, where there are no womenfolk to insist on better quarters, there are many far less comfortable quarters than a cowboy's log cabin. Humble as it is, however, some of the residents are able to write cheques for very substantial amounts, which are, furthermore, *not* "returned to drawer" on presentation

Photos *C. E. Morris*

The Six-Shooter at Work: An "argument" over a game of poker

As is generally known, the six-shooter is, in the West, the equivalent of the "retort courteous" of more polite countries. The above photograph shows it in use over a game of poker (the players having obligingly posed for the photographer)

No. 101 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The New Generation

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study"—Chesterfield

ANYONE can have a theory about women. It is one of the most harmless amusements in life. But when you come across the man who believes that his theory is capable of proof, you may just as well show him the error of his ways, always supposing that you waste no valuable time of your own in doing so.

Bailey Page was interested in women, and he had a theory about them. How he proved it is more the matter in hand.

"There's a new generation of women springing up," he used to say, "who care as much about the fetterdom of marriage as a deceased German cares about washing. They want their freedom, I mean, and they're going to get it. I know any number of girls who are looking out like ferrets for their own emancipation, and before you're many years older you'll find that they've got it between their teeth, and then, I mean, they'll stay down the hole and you won't be able to get 'em out again till they've taken their fill of blood, I mean."

The repetition of that phrase, "I mean," was so characteristic of Bailey Page's conversation that it is impossible to render any of his remarks without its constant insertion. It also conveyed his attitude of mind. There is no doubt that he did conscientiously mean every word he uttered. When, for example, he said that he knew any number of girls who were looking out for their emancipation, he meant it. He did know the girls. His interest in women led him to seek them out, and, moreover, though he was as far removed in appearance from a lady's man as one might well imagine, he found them right enough.

"I haven't the instincts of a courtier," he used to say, "and I've no desire to acquire them now."

He certainly never did acquire them to the end of his life, but he managed, nevertheless, to find women ready to give up their time to his company. That was mainly due to the domination of his personality. He could sweep a roomful of people with the terror of him, as a housemaid whisks out the parlour before the arrival of visitors; and so, though with all these girl friends of his there arose no question of emotional attraction, he could more or less wield them at his will.

His method of procedure in these matters was characteristic of a just and legal mind. He offered them the amusement of dining out in fashionable restaurants in return for an open discussion upon their various views of life. It was impossible for a breath of scandal to blow over such harmless entertainments, and the girls came forward to the offer like bees to a drop of honey. With a younger and more suggestive type of man, they might have hesitated more than once before they accepted his invitations. But with Bailey Page the matter was entirely different. He never made love to them. His treatment of them was unimpeachably honourable from every point of view, but he sifted their moral standards and ideas much as you shake the chaff out of a sieveful of barley. After an acquaintance of some weeks, they lay, stripped of all social hypocrisies and narrow conventions, on the dissecting-table, exposed by the inquisitive steel of his lancet.

You might say almost that he founded a school where he encouraged a certain philosophy of life. These girls were his pupils. If, in their ideas, they were not fully emancipated when he first came across them, five or six months under his tutelage completed the process. In the height of his career as their leader, he could have named thirty or forty girls, ranging from the ages of twenty to thirty, to whom the idea of the slavery of marriage presented a condition of existence which was too terrible to contemplate.

The fact that Bailey Page himself was married had little or nothing to do in the way of lessening his authority, or reducing his theory to the suspicion of impracticability. The thought that he had once been swept by the flames of an enslaving passion himself, and had basked for some years in the enduring heat of it, left him imperturbable and unmoved.

"It's impossible for intimate relations to continue between people," he said, in the presence of his wife, "for more than five or six years. And that's putting it pretty high, I mean. At the end of that time they know as much of each other as it's possible to know, I mean—they know as much of each other as I know of the fit of these boots that I've been wearing for the last nine months."

"And is that where you think that the contract should terminate?" Mrs. Page asked him.

"That's where I think the contract should be capable of termination at the discretion of the parties concerned," he replied. "And that's what all these girls of mine think. They're setting up, I mean, to make a new generation of women who'll be a power in the land, I mean, and they'll have things done their way or not at all. The modern young girl sacrifices the whole of her life upon some altar of virtue which is hollow, so far as I can make out. These girls aren't going to put up with nonsense of that sort. They're out for their emancipation, and

(All rights strictly reserved)

they'll get it as sure as a horse gets left alone, I mean, if he kicks hard enough, I mean."

"Well, what's to prevent your setting them all an example and separating from me?" she suggested. "We've been married a good deal more than six years, and, according to you, all our intimate relations are at an end. Why don't you act up to your philosophy and separate from me?"

He found no difficulty in answering that attack. There was never a man more ready with a reply to defend his point of view than Bailey Page. Words dropped from his lips like pearls from the mouth of the little girl in the fairy tale. And, if ever—a case so infrequent that it is scarcely worth mentioning—he was driven into a corner where not even logic would help him out, his method of retiring from the fray was such that it covered his opponent with confusion. "Very well, very well," he used to say, with an amiable smile, as though he were pacifying a child—"very well, if you think that, all the better for you; it's very nice for you that you're able to think it, only don't expect me to agree with it." You could say nothing to that; but you got no satisfaction from your victory.

"Why don't I separate from you?" he asked, in retaliation to her attack. "Well—firstly, because we've got used to each other. We suit each other—or, at least, you suit me, I mean—you suit me wonderfully well. But, then, you're a white woman—you're an amazing white woman; I think you're the whitest woman I've ever come across."

"Does it never strike you that a woman wants to be something more than white to the man who is her husband?" she suggested.

"Oh, may be, when she's young; but she gets over it, I mean, like the measles or the mumps, and if she takes care of herself and doesn't go into infected districts I mean, well, it's not likely that she's going to catch it again."

"But how about these various girls whom you are interested in? They haven't had the measles at all. And if they don't go through it when they're young, you say yourself that it has got to be gone through some time or other."

"Oh! pardon me, I said nothing of the kind. I said if they didn't go into infected districts it was very unlikely that they'd get a second dose of it. It's questionable in my mind whether they really have it at all; and, certainly, if they do, it's not fair to shove them into quarantine for the rest of their lives. That's the point, don't you see. The modern young girl, when she gets a dose of the measles of infatuation, there's only one cure for her, I mean, and that's to thrust her into the quarantine of matrimony for the rest of her natural existence. Well, these young girls that I'm interested in are just beginning to wake up and think differently—like people began to wake up to the fact, I mean, that vaccination was not all it offered to be as a cure for small-pox. I don't propose to say whether they were right or not—but it's like it, I mean."

"But you think these girls are right?"

"Yes, I do; I think they're voicing the feelings of a new generation that'll fight its way, and have a marked influence on people in general. How long they'll take over it is another matter, but eventually they'll find their place in the sun."

This, then, in its briefest aspect, is the definition, in his own words, of Bailey Page's New Generation of Women. He believed in them as a father believes in his own son. With eyes of approval, he read the articles which they contributed to magazines of advanced thought. With smiles of gratification, he listened to them over *tête-à-tête* tables in fashionable restaurants as they warmed to the expression of their views, and it scarcely entered his mind that, had they, in their hearts, found him desirable in himself, the conversation might have been conducted on vastly different lines.

How Bailey Page found that every woman intuitively seeks her freedom, and of what he found that freedom to be composed, is the slender thread of story that follows.

. . . . .

Among the thirty or forty girls in various walks of life who were promising pupils in the Philosophical Academy of Bailey Page, there were two in particular who claimed his especial regard. He called them, and alluded to them in his conversation, by their Christian names—Phyllis and Amy. Both were possessed of considerable attraction. He admitted himself, with his customary candour, that it gave him considerable pleasure to partake of their company, apart from the interest of their conversation.

"If I go out and have lunch with a girl," he said, on one occasion, "it may be that I don't get really what I like; but if she's pretty, I thoroughly enjoy it, however many courses of indigestible stuff there may be."

His wife had her retaliation for that.

"But if you stay at home and have dinner with your wife," she said, "a chop will surfeit you."

He admitted her point with shouts of laughter The retort amused him, and he was perfectly ready to give it its full value.

It was little more than a year after Phyllis had first come under his notice, and been admitted into the sacred circle of the new generation, when he took her out one evening to the weekly dinner, which he ascribed as the portion of entertainment due from him to her in payment for the interest in life she afforded him. They sat in the glow of a little red-shaded lamp and sipped wine, while the waiters hung about like tug-boats waiting for a job.

"You're in a bad mood to-night," he said, after he had watched her in silence for a few moments.

"I don't think I am."

"Then what's the matter?"

She took the plunge valiantly. "I'm going to be married!"

"Good heavens! what on earth did you want to go and do that for?" In moments of excitement his voice rose like the sudden burst of a gale. The waiters turned and gazed at him. But having said that, he gazed at her for a few moments in silence. "What on earth did you want to go and do that for?" he repeated with the quietness of suppression.

"Well—I suppose I'm in love."

"Yes, but, by heavens, you can get that sort of amusement without tying up your personality like a mummy in a dime museum, can't you? There's no fun, I mean, in selling birthrights for messes of pottage, I mean, when you know that the jar's got a bottom to it, and your spoon's going to strike it sooner or later, I mean. There's no harm your being in love, if it amuses you—if it develops your personality, it'll do you all the good in the world—but, good heavens, getting married! I never heard such a tale! Well, of course, it's your business; only don't say I didn't warn you. I deny all responsibility in this affair. You come to me and look to me to conduct your business in the way it should go, and then you go and buy up stock like that, I mean. Well, if you find you've got it on your hands and can't dispose of it—don't blame me, I mean."

(*Continued on page 180*)

Frae Bonnie Scotland

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

MISS JEAN AYLWIN

Who is playing in *The Girls of Gottenberg* at the Gaiety Theatre. She has also recently delighted large audiences at the Palace Theatre

(*Continued from page 178*)

He shelved all responsibility. There was no doubt about that. But with the marriage of Phyllis snapped one of the strands in the rope. Yet he was still undaunted; he still upheld his belief, unshaken, that there was a new generation of women in the making which, by the force of its personality, would secure some change in the slavery of the matrimonial system.

"There are as good fish in the sea," he said. "You're not going to bring about a new movement without some of the followers dropping out of the ranks when the whole artillery of convention is levelled against them."

He even refused to lose heart when Amy wrote him a short letter, telling him that she, too, was engaged to be married.

"If you want to go on taking me out to dinner," her letter concluded, "you'd better come and make friends with Arthur and be inspected. I've told him all about you."

He went — doubting — doubting that the new generation was such a tangible movement after all. If this was the result of the emancipation of her personality, for which he had so conscientiously striven, that she had to submit to an inspection of her friends by her husband, he felt that his theory about the modern woman was losing ground.

It was at this moment of his mental attitude, when his mind was balancing on the tip-top of apprehension, that the last blow came which brought his conviction that he was right.

Arriving home late one evening from having entertained a promising pupil at supper at the Savoy, he found a letter from his wife, telling him that she had left him for the companionship of a man with whom she had recently become acquainted.

For half an hour he sat in his study with the letter outspread on his knee. He never moved. Only the deep breaths that he took, swelling out the white front of his shirt with a creaking noise, showed that he was possessed of animation.

"I was right," he said—"I was right. They hate the slavery of marriage. They're going to strike out a line for themselves. They're going to get their emancipation——Good God!"

Then he read through the rest of the letter.

"You say women want their freedom," it continued, after the definite details of the fact had been announced. "You're quite right. A woman wants the freedom to love and to be loved. She wants the freedom to give all that she may receive much."

He put the letter down.

"Oh, yes, of course," he murmured; "but that's all nonsense—that's her sentiment. She wanted to be quit of being married to me, and she did it."

He crumpled the letter up in his hand, and toiled slowly up to his room. As he passed her bedroom, he stopped. The door was open. He walked in. Everything was quiet and silent. On the floor by the bed was a pair of satin slippers—just as she had discarded them. He picked them up and looked at them.

"She was a white woman," he said, aloud to himself. "She was wonderfully white, I mean—she was amazing white. Wonder if she'd come back now if I offered to take her?"

E. Temple Thurston.

ART AND THE CAMERA AGAIN

Photo *Paymaster J. S. Place, R.N.*

A GATHERING STORM

Memories of "The Belle of New York"

RECALLED IN THE NEW EMPIRE BALLET—"THE BELLE OF THE BALL"

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Fred Farren as Blinky Bill (of the Bowery) and Miss Elise Clerc as Mamie Clancy

Mr. Farren is, as ever, the life and soul of the production. He dances as nimbly, and is as amusing as ever. The above scene will be recalled by all who saw the *The Belle of New York*. It is reproduced, with music, of course, in the new Empire Ballet

"Three Fishers"

Photo *Wrightson*

Herring Fleet Leaving Yarmouth in the Mist of an October Morning

Though the herring is one of the humblest of fish, eaten under the most prosaic of circumstances, the securing of it is one of the most picturesque pursuits known to working man. Putting off from Yarmouth in the mist of an autumn morning, idly drifting hither and thither until such time as the nets shall be cast—a day with a herring boat in the North Sea is, given smooth weather, a delight to be indulged in by everyone once in a lifetime. Herring fishermen are among the most genial of men, especially when they return to port with a good haul. And theirs is a business which, year in year out, yields a pretty substantial profit, for whatever befalls the nation in other ways, we are likely, as long as we last, to eat the herring, if only for the ecstasy of its soft roe

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Capping with the Belvoir Hounds

Hitherto the capping system has been unknown with the Belvoir Hounds, but the example set by the Quorn, Cottesmore, and other Midland Hunts is, at last, to be followed in this historic country. THE BYSTANDER is able to announce that the Belvoir Hunt Committee have decided to adopt the capping system next season, and that a £2 cap will be taken. This item of news can scarcely fail to arouse much interest throughout the hunting world. When neighbouring Hunts were deciding to make every follower contribute something towards the expenses of the foxes in some parts; but on the whole the prospects for the ensuing season are a great deal brighter than they were a year ago, and it is hoped that before long the scourge will be entirely stamped out. Cub-hunting was interfered with during September by the want of rain, yet since then it has been tolerably satisfactory. Collieries and a network of railways have rather spoilt the southern border of the country for hunting purposes, but elsewhere there are fine scent-carrying grasslands, which yield the best of firm galloping, and the district is pleasantly free from the wire nuisance, active measures having been adopted to hold this evil in check.

Newman

Shot at Sight by the Gamekeeper

The British pole-cat with one of its victims. The creature is a notorious pest of the countryside, and there are few districts in which it is not to be found. It is one of the gamekeeper's privileges to shoot the creature at sight

A Notable Northern Hunt

While not fashionable in the same sense as Leicestershire is, the Morpeth is an uncommonly attractive hunting country, and a good many people from various parts of the North of England come every season to settle down in convenient centres for the excellent sport which these hounds afford. As was stated in our Hunting Supplement on October 9, the mange epidemic in a severe form has, unfortunately, visited the Morpeth district, and the disease still exists among the Hunt—excepting, of course, those people whom they had reason to exempt from payment—the Belvoir declined to fall into line. I well remember a member of the Committee remarking to me at that time: "With the Belvoir there is not the same necessity for capping as with some packs, and there is not the slightest prospect of its being established." That was four years ago, and now we see a complete change of attitude. The number of hunting countries in which people can get their sport entirely at other folks' expense is decreasing every season, and who can wonder?

The Hounds and Their Master

It is satisfactory to the followers of the Morpeth to know that, in the troublous time caused by the mange, they have in the leadership so keen a sportsman as Mr. Frank B. Atkinson, who is ready to take the rough with the smooth, and see the country through the difficulties inevitably brought about by the comparative scarcity of foxes. This is Mr. Atkinson's sixth season in the Mastership, and he has more than maintained the high reputation of the beautiful pack of hounds which he took over from Mr. R. Clayton Swan. He bought them for close upon £3,000, and there are very few finer packs in the kingdom. Nor has the fame of the Morpeth as a crack riding country suffered during his term of office. His huntsman, Frank Dare, is wonderfully quick, and Mr. Atkinson himself is one of the best horsemen who ever rode across country. Some years ago he was frequently seen in the saddle at the best steeplechase meetings, and it wants an extraordinarily good and well-mounted man to beat him when hounds are running.

A. W. C.

Cubbing in Northumberland

SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE MORPETH HUNT

Miss Greene

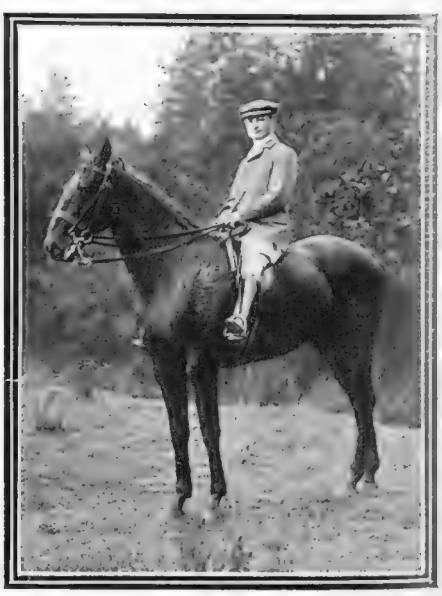
The daughter of one of the secretaries of the Morpeth Hounds

Two Keen Pony Followers

Frank Dare, the Huntsman of the Morpeth Hunt

Photos

Two Well-known Lady Followers: Miss Rayne and Miss E. Rayne in Miniding Wood



Dixon

Mr. Frank B. Atkinson, the Master

The Morpeth is an uncommonly attractive hunting country, and many people from various parts of the North of England settle down in convenient quarters for the excellent sport which these hounds afford. Though the mange epidemic has, unfortunately, recently visited the district, the prospects for the season are encouraging, and the cub-hunting has, on the whole, been satisfactory. This year the hounds enter upon their sixth season under the Mastership of Mr. Frank B. Atkinson

An Ambassador Extraordinary

"I've come fer them pills fer the Dook o' York"

BY CHARLES CROMBIE

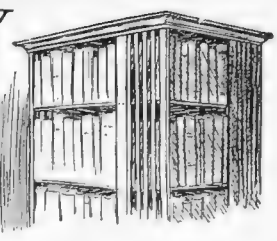
A Graceful Farceuse

Photo *S. Elwin Neame*

MISS MAUDI DARRELL

Now playing in the successful revival of Sir Francis Burnand's farce, *Mrs. Ponderbury's Past*, at the Vaudeville

THE LIBRARY



Books of the Week

"Furze the Cruel." By John Trevena. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)

"The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe." By Ernest Young. (Constable: 5s. net.)

"Old Friends with New Faces." By Susan, Countess of Malmesbury. (Longmans: 3s. 6d. net.)

L'Enfant Cordiale?

Is it to be the phenomenon of the festive season? Presumably, if Susan, Countess of Malmesbury, have her way. The Countess is not content that grown-up England and grown-up France should exchange kisses and compliments and county councillors: she would have young England and young France more in touch the one with the other, and has decided that a good way to bring this about would be to translate our nursery rhymes into the Gallic tongue. Hence, *Old Friends with New Faces* (Longmans: 3s. 6d. net). Bold Countess! The very idea of finding the French equivalents for "Hickory Dickory Dock," "Hey Diddle Diddle," "Ride a Cock-Horse"! However, her ladyship has grappled manfully with her task. If she scarcely succeeds in making the French as quaint and curious to the ear as the English, it is no mean thing to have introduced young England to "Marie, Marie, Qui Contraire," "Mouton Noir," "Les Cinq Petits Porcs," and "Mlle. Poupée," which are easily recognisable as "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," "Ba! Ba! Black Sheep," "The Five Little Pigs," and "Little Miss Muffet." The Countess may be accused, perhaps, of juggling with the names of our little nursery friends in order to make them rhyme. I certainly refuse to believe that our old friends Jack and Jill will ever be recognised as "Paulin et Pauline." Even were it conceivable that a young gentleman of the name of Paulin could so far lower himself as to fall down and break his crown, I cannot admit that a young lady named Pauline would commit so grave a breach of decorum as to come tumbling after. In fact, it is my fear that the Countess has created Paulin and Pauline chiefly because they rhyme with "colline," and not as the rightful French prototypes of Jack and Jill. They have, then, to me, no definite existence. I cannot know them. Should they present their prim little persons at my nursery, nous ne serons pas chez nous.

Photo *Ketwah-Collings*

Susan, Countess of Malmesbury

Author of "Old Friends with New Faces" (Longmans), a translation into French, with new music, of familiar English nursery rhymes

"Furze the Cruel"

"Oh, loathed Devon!" The sentiment which the poet expressed in a phrase—hatred of the country he loved—has served Mr. John Trevena for a novel. *Furze the Cruel* (Alston Rivers: 6s.) is about the cruellest story that could have been written about the Furze (by which, please, understand Dartmoor). While it apostrophises Devon's natural beauty—it opens with a highly picturesque fairy story as to the origin of the county as told by the "pixy-grandmother" to the little ones, in which Dartmoor is acclaimed as the beginning of things and the fount of human life—it is lurid in its damnation of Devon's people. The story reveals a community in which hypocrisy vies with vice, cant with cruelty, snobbery with starvation. Centreing round the personality of one "Varmer Pendoggett," in whom are concentrated all the devilries, it follows, with dreadful realism, the careers of those whom he victimises. There is a poor, starving pedlar, Brightly. Pendoggett gets him to gaol, convicted of an offence committed by himself, and sends him to his death. There is Eli Pezzack, the poor weak "Ebenezer" parson. Pendoggett leads him by the nose into a swindling enterprise, and to consequent ruin. Then there is poor Thomasine, a farm maid. Pendoggett betrays her to *her* ruin, and lets her go to the usual perdition of wronged womankind. And there are others. The story hovers round Pendoggett's villainies until such time as retribution falls upon him—he is burnt in the very furze which has assisted his crimes. The story of sordid moorland misery is relieved by one romance—that of the illegitimate baby-girl, Boodles, left on the doorstep of one Weevil, and adopted by him. "Boodles," nameless but shameless, falls in with young Aubrey Bellamie, gentleman, of the Navy. Theirs is a pure, sweet love affair. Frustrated it is, of course, by Bellamie's "people"—the usual Devonian snobs—who will have none of "Boodles" for their boy. However, the latter is made of the right stuff, and does the right thing at the last. This romance is, in its turn, slightly stained. It is clearly hinted that Boodles's parent is none other than Aubrey's own mother, who sinned as a girl. Here, not only is the author guilty of needless melodramatic coincidence: by allowing the couple to mate, as he does in the end, he leaves an unpleasant suggestion of consanguinity. Admitting this, however, and reasserting that the story is a cruel one, it is none the less one of the most vivid and powerful books of recent years. Morbid it certainly

is not. It smacks of the open air, of flesh and of real red blood. Its types are true, and if Mr. Trevena casts misery as their lot, he never fails to bring out such bright spots as are allowed them by "the Brute"—poor old Weevil's epithet for Fate.

Queen Victoria's Early Letters

The chief "revelation" in the three volumes of *Queen Victoria's Letters*, published by Mr. Murray last week, is the revelation of the wondrous discretion on the part of the editors, Lord Esher and Mr. A. C. Benson. There is little of a sensational nature in the letters, which reveal what, after all, history has already made clear enough: that the young Queen had very strong ideas of her own dignity; that she had firm likes and dislikes; a measure of commonsense, and plenty of patriotism. It is a little curious to reflect that the men most highly eulogised by the Queen are those who have left the least mark on history; while those most roundly taken to task by her are those subsequently admitted (even by herself) to have been great statesmen. The statesmanlike qualities of Melbourne and the Duke of Wellington are greatly extolled by the Queen; those of Peel and Palmerston equally greatly censured. For neither the great Tory nor the great Whig had the Queen much to say. Peel offended her over the "Bedchamber" question; Palmerston over foreign policy. It was, of course, to the Queen that he owed his dismissal. However, if the young Queen Victoria estimated the value of public men according to their *complaisance* towards herself and the Prince Consort, she lived to revise many of her judgments. In what language she did so, however, can only be revealed in the later volumes, which we are all most eagerly awaiting. The volumes are three in number price £3 3*s*.

Some Celtic Verse —and Another

I imagine it will suffice to introduce to the world the poems of Dora Sigerson Shorter (Hodder: 6*s*.) that Mr. George Meredith has himself written a preface to them. Whether, however, Mr. Meredith commits himself to an approval of the poems—or, in fact, of Celtic verse generally—is a matter which I prefer to leave to the Meredithians to unfathom. In suggesting that "the mind of the Celt is generally taken to be overpoweringly emotional, vapourish as well, and fantastical, remote, divorced from reality," Mr. Meredith certainly does hit off the Saxon's view. The uniform gloom of Irish poetry is one of its weaknesses from that standpoint. The Celtic muse suckles itself on sadness: it finds habitation in legend-lore, among phantoms and banshees, grey sisters, white witches, and the like; it never ventures into the realm of actuality. It derives no nourishment from life. Mrs. Shorter's poems are true Celtic. She relates, with what Mr. Meredith calls the gift of metrical narrative, a number of legend-stories, more or less uniformly gloomy, but uniformly tasteful in expression, if, also, uniformly monotonous in metre. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Shorter's volume, opened at random, yields one sweet thing to the opener. Here is its first verse:—

> Pardon give to Monica,
> She is so very fair;
> Though soft eyes give promises,
> Rosy lips forswear.
> From the shy droop of her head
> You a hope might take,
> The dainty dimples wake,
> Pardon give to Monica.

VIVIAN CARTER.

Photo **Is Coleridge's House to Become Natio al Property?** [*Frith*

An influential movement is now being made, the purpose of which is to acquire Coleridge's house at Nether Stowey for the nation. The King has expressed his sympathy with the object in view, and the subscribers include the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, Mr. Balfour, Miss Ellen Terry, and Mr. George Meredith. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has promised the last £200

Golf Notes and Notions

The Royal and Ancient and Mr. John Ball

In my account of the Autumn Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club I omitted to mention one of the most notable incidents. The Committee of the Club, acting under the rule empowering them to invite distinguished strangers to become honorary members of the Club, announced that they proposed to extend such an invitation to Mr. John Ball. This proposal, I need hardly say, met with the unanimous assent of the meeting, and thus the most distinguished living amateur golfer has been added to the list of members of the premier Club. It would be a work of supererogation to mention the many golfing claims to this honour which Mr. Ball possesses, for his deeds of "derring do" on all the famous links of the kingdom are a household word among golfers. But, in addition to his prowess as a player, Mr. Ball has all those qualities which go to the making of a truly lovable nature. His is a singularly modest personality, and it would be difficult for a stranger unacquainted with his powers as a player (if such an individual by any stretch of the imagination can be supposed to exist) to gain an inkling from his conversation that he was talking to the greatest amateur golfer of his generation. He has always been most popular at St. Andrews, where his quiet methods, combined with his brilliant exposition of the game, have made him hosts of friends. This was thoroughly attested by the enthusiastic reception at St. Andrews of his sixth success in the Amateur Championship this year, when, for the first time in his career, he secured the coveted honour on the glorious old course. I trust that Mr. Ball may add to the interest of future meetings of the Club by competing for its medals, and that he may long live to enjoy his new privilege of membership, in according which the Committee and Club have conferred equal honour on him and on themselves.

Mrs. F. W. Brown

The winner of the Medal Play Competition and Challenge Cup at the Wimbledon Park Ladies' Club Autumn Meeting

A Prophet Honoured in His Own Country!

His own club, the Royal Liverpool, many years ago conferred on him the honour of life membership, in view of the lustre he had shed on it by securing both the Open and Amateur Championships. This dignity is also enjoyed, if I am not mistaken, by Mr. Hilton and Mr. Charles Hutchings. I am delighted, therefore, that the Royal and Ancient has shown that it considers that great golfers, like Mr. John Ball, are to be considered as true sons of the *Alma Mater*. In a word, this is one of the pleasantest facts in recent golf history which the chronicler of golfing events has been called upon to record.

The Failure of Light at Burnham Beeches

By the time these lines appear, the *News of the World* Tournament will have been decided. But, although the matter is already, in a sense, ancient history, I feel impelled to make a few observations on the recent qualifying competition for the Southern Section at Burnham Beeches. I am not going into the details of that event, which the daily papers have duly recorded, but I will confine myself to one feature of the meeting which holds an excellent lesson for those golfers who are constantly agitating for a change in the date of the Open and Amateur Championships. These good people wish one of these tournaments to be relegated to the autumn. I have always objected to this proposal on account of the want of light at such a time of the year. I maintained that the first days of either the Open or Amateur Championship require the longest possible days' light on account of the vast entries for either event.

Shall We Have Luminous Caddies?

I fancy that the recent occurrence at Burnham Beeches has put the final nail in the coffin of this proposal for a change of date. Poor Tom Vardon suffered individually, but he is a martyr in a good cause. Towards the end of his afternoon round, the light failed so badly that during the last four holes torches had to be held near the holes to indicate their whereabouts. It is hardly necessary to add that, under such murky circumstances, Tom took so many strokes on those last few putting greens that he failed to qualify. Imagination quails before the terrifying vision of an Open Championship conducted under such gloomy difficulties, and the fore-caddies would, indeed, be veritable "link-boys" armed with flaring torches, while the joys of reporters trying in vain to follow the flight of the ball in the darkness, the efforts of the players to keep their eyes on the dim ball, and the risks of the attendant crowd, must be left to some golfing Dante adequately to describe. On one famous occasion in winter, when snow was lying on the links, Andrew Kirkcaldy anointed his caddie's hair with grease so as to enable him to keep his ball clear of snow by rubbing it in his caddie's hair at each tee. The resourceful Andrew would, no doubt, be equal to a championship round in the dark by smearing luminous paint on his caddie's head and rubbing his ball on it at successive tees, and sending him forward as a sort of pillar of fire by night to indicate the line to the hole. No, I think we must keep to the spring and summer for both our Championships, and continue to rely on the sun for light.

ERNEST LEHMANN

YACHTING

A Forlorn Hope

A correspondent in Stockholm assures me that the Royal Swedish Yacht Club's challenge for the America Cup is quite likely to materialise, for the Swedes are, apparently, not making any of the stipulations varying the terms of the Deed of Gift which Sir Thomas Lipton deemed it advisable to make, and the New York Yacht Club deemed it equally advisable not to entertain. Of course, this shows a fine sporting spirit on the part of the brave Swedes, but their plucky attempt can only be regarded from the very outset as something of a forlorn hope. As I have said more than once in these columns, the onerous conditions imposed on the challengers by the Deed of Gift precludes the possibility of their winning except by an accident or a fluke, and although it took Sir Thomas Lipton some years (to say nothing of the huge sums which it must have cost him) to make certain of this, he is fully alive to it now. The Swedes are fine sailor-men, but they are hardly likely to succeed where Sir Thomas has failed, especially as their experience of designing and building 90 ft. freak sailing machines is practically *nil*. As the accompanying illustration shows, there are plenty of up-to-date racing yachts in the Royal Swedish Yacht Club's fleet, but they are all small boats; even if Sweden can produce a *Shamrock* at her first attempt it will be something of a miracle, and what she has got to produce is something better than a *Shamrock*. I am informed that the Swedish challenge owes its origin to the fact that when the *America* paid her epoch-making visit to these waters in 1852, she would have been beaten by the Swedish schooner *Sveriga* if the latter, when leading her home by nearly ten minutes, had not carried away a halyard. It is, as it were, a sort of *in memoriam* challenge. All this is very pretty; but, personally, I would much sooner see the America Cup left severely alone and an International Championship instituted on rational lines, in which substantial boats of the type produced by the new International Rules could compete on equal terms. That would be something like sport, and if a trophy is wanted in connection with it, THE BYSTANDER is quite prepared to offer one. Meantime, it is cheering news that Sir Thomas Lipton, having had enough of the *America* game, is turning his attention to the legitimate side of the sport, and has ordered a new boat to race in the 23-metre class next season against Mr. Kennedy's *White Heather* and Sir James Pender's *Brynhild*. She is to be built by Fife, and will form a welcome addition to the class.

Sweden and the America Cup The Clubhouse of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club at Sandhamn, near Stockholm

It is extremely probable the challenge of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club for the America Cup will materialise. Though, as the above picture shows, there are plenty of up-to-date racing yachts in the Club's fleet, they are all small boats, so that Sweden has a hard task before her if she has to produce something even better than the *Shamrock* at the first attempt to fight for the Cup

FRESH ASPECTS OF THE ANTIPON TREATMENT.

From whatever point of view regarded, the famous Antipon treatment for the permanent cure of obesity exhibits merits—proved merits—entirely its own. As a wonderful absorbent of superfluous adipose; as a destroyer of the obstinate tendency to excessive fat development; as a tonic of a high order, promoting appetite and assisting digestion and assimilation, Antipon, the pleasant and perfectly harmless liquid, is recognised by all competent authorities as one of the most important contributions to modern science. There are, however, a few fresh aspects of the treatment which it is wise to call attention to.

Pure, rich blood is the very fount of life and health, and it is useless to try to cure any disease without freeing the vital fluid from effete matter. Now, the old-time methods of reducing weight not only impoverished the blood by some drastic dietary regimen which amounted to partial starvation, but they also resorted to mineral and other injurious drugs, which too often caused chronic dyspepsia, the result being that the blood became poisoned with ill-digested food and uneliminated waste matter, and the whole organism suffered accordingly. Obesity is a disease in itself, but treatments which thus starved and poisoned the system in the way we have described were worse than the disease.

The Antipon treatment, then, enriches and purifies the vital fluid by wholesome food in plenty, well digested and properly assimilated; also by toning up the whole system. Antipon has a remarkable tonic action on the skin, which plays a most important part in the elimination of impure or waste matter from the blood. When the millions of pores of the skin are not in a condition adequately to perform their eliminative work, the worst evils may ensue.

Then, again, Antipon absorbs and removes the masses of superfluous matter that interfere with the natural action of the vital organs, and so another danger to life and health—fatty degeneration of the heart, liver, and kidneys—is got rid of. The circulation of the blood becomes normal, the lungs have free, natural expansion, and breathing becomes natural, the blood being thus freely supplied with oxygen.

In considering these fresh aspects of the Antipon treatment it will be seen that increased health, strength, and vitality, and the renewal of mental and physical energy are essential factors in the cure. That is why Antipon gives entire satisfaction in every case where the simple and pleasant home treatment is conscientiously followed.

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Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Covered Courts Championships: M. J. G. Ritchie and Max Deengis, the French Champion (beyond the net), playing R. F. Doherty and G. M. Simond

Of the four events in the Covered Courts Lawn Tennis Championships, played at Queen's Club last week, the most interesting were the Doubles, in which Norman Brookes, the champion, and R. F. Doherty, ex-champion, were taking part. In the final, Doherty and G. M. Simond were successful in beating Brookes and G. W. Hillyard by 3 sets to 1

LAWN TENNIS

The Last Meeting of the Year

Of the four events in the London Covered Court Championship meeting at Queen's Club last week, the Doubles came in for the largest share of public recognition, by reason of the fact that the champion, Norman Brookes, and an ex-champion, R. F. Doherty, were taking part therein. Both these are names to conjure with. Brookes's partner was G. W. Hillyard, and Doherty's was G. M. Simond, with whom, by the way, he won this event last year; and the prospect (ultimately fulfilled) that these two strong pairs would finally meet made things quite exciting, especially as there were several other good pairs engaged, notably M. J. G. Ritchie and the French Champion, Max Deengis, who originally entered under a pseudonym. Apparently, the secret of his identity became such an open one that he recognised, like the villain in the play, the futility of further disguise, and consented to the publication of his real name. Several of the matches in the eliminating rounds were interesting, and the defeat of W. V. Eaves and L. H. Escombe by A. E. Beamish and H. Pollard, an individually weaker pair, was noteworthy. It was unfortunate for the latter that, after winning this match in fine style, they were obliged to tackle Brookes and Hillyard on the same day, though I don't say that they would have beaten them if they had been fresher. Doherty and Simond *v.* Deengis and Ritchie in the semi-final was a fine game. In the first two sets the Anglo-French combination more than held their own, but a marked improvement in the play of Simond completely changed the aspect of affairs in the third, and he and Doherty won brilliantly by 3—2 after being two down. Brookes and Hillyard, in the course of their progress to the final, were not so highly tried, and there were indications that Brookes was not as formidable as he is on grass. This is not to be wondered at. Brookes does not profess to be a covered court player, and the courts at Queen's, particularly the East Court, take a lot of knowing; so that, although it is easy to be wise after the event, I cannot help saying that I expected Doherty and Simond to win the final. For one thing, they are both more familiar with that terribly fast court than either of their opponents; and, for another, I am a great believer in Simond. He is a referee and tournament manager, and therefore too busy a man to devote much time to public play. Consequently, the fact that at the present time he is one of the best and soundest double players in England is apt to be lost sight of. He proved it on Saturday, when a large share of the credit of defeating Brookes and Hillyard by 3 sets to 1 belongs to him, although his partner, Doherty, was also in one of his happiest moods. On the losing side, Brookes and Hillyard both played well at times, and individually, but seldom managed to do it together—a perverse condition of affairs which is curiously common in double play.

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RAZORS.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The *Standard* reports that, after an unusually acrimonious debate, the Lower Austrian Diet has passed a Bill taxing motor-cars. The tax is based on the horse-power of the car, and is at the rate of ten crowns (8*s.* 4*d.*) for every unit of horse-power, reckoned at three-fourths of the power stated by the manufacturer. A similar tax will, sooner or later, come to be placed on motors in this country, and if motorists receive any benefits from the tax they are likely to welcome it rather than otherwise. It is, however, open to question whether the basis of taxation should be the horse-power of the car alone, for such a measure would cause the owner of a light but powerful car to contribute a sum many times greater than would be payable for a heavy motor-lorry; and there is no doubt as to which of the two damages the roads the more. Probably the tax will be considered, when the time comes to levy it, on the basis of the weight of the vehicle as well as on its horse-power.

* * *

Of course, when the question of taxation does come up for discussion in Parliament, it will be an occasion for the motoring world to put forth its strength to obtain the redress of many standing grievances. A tax on motor vehicles, both for pleasure and for commerce, will bring in several millions a year to the Treasury. In return for this, the present absurd speed limit, which does nobody any good, except, perhaps, policemen yearning for easy promotion, will have to be swept away. A speed limit within the radius of towns and villages is reasonable enough, but on the open highways the public will be well enough protected if the inconsiderate motorist can be charged with driving to the common danger. Such a prosecution, if proved, is very different from the prosecutions which, under the present law, convict persons who are not driving to the danger of their fellow-countrymen, but are only breaking a technical law. But a more important demand than even the repeal of the speed limit will be the request that a Traffic Board be formed, under a responsible member of the Government. The Traffic Board will have vitally important work to accomplish. It will need to take over the entire care of the highways all over the country. The various district authorities who neglect their roads more or less, according to their lights, will be relieved of all responsibility on this score. They will contribute a sum for their district, and the Traffic Board will show them, for the first time, what scientific road-making means. On the strength of the revenues derived from the new tax, the Traffic Board will be able to raise a large loan sufficient to make fine highways throughout the length and breadth of the country, which will then, once properly made, cost far less to keep up than at present, when tinkering is usually in progress—not an astonishing state of affairs when you see that the most important commodity in most road-making seems to be mud! Alas! It all reads very well, but will it happen in our time?

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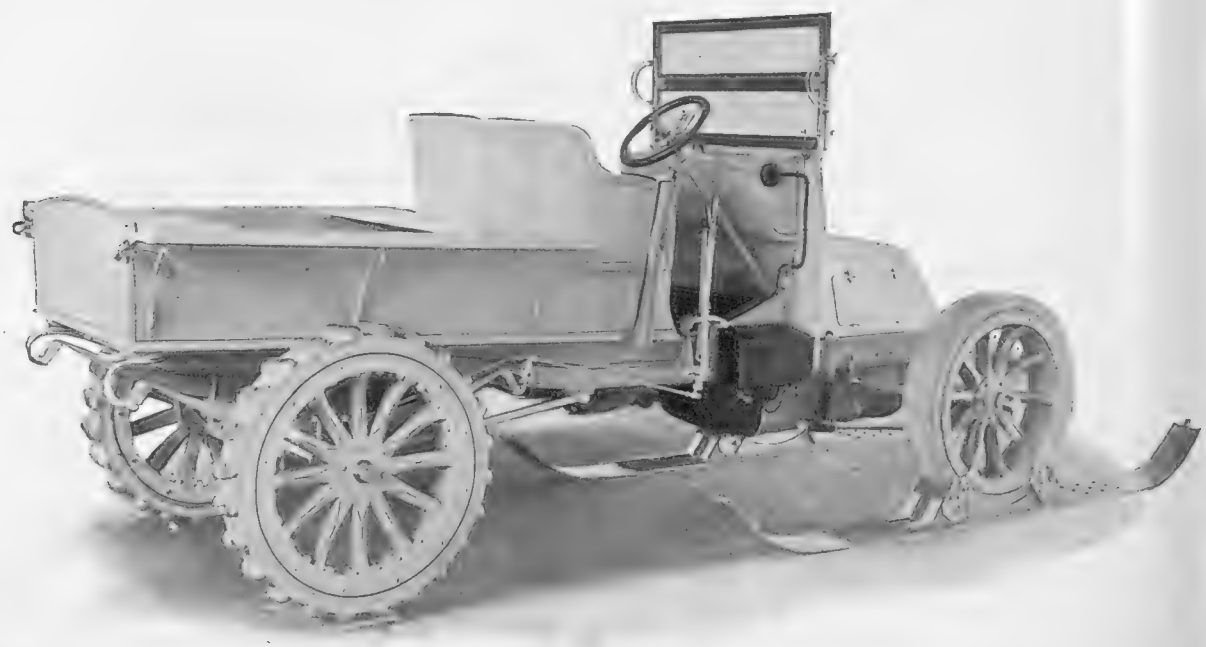

Photo *Topical Agency*

By Car to the South Pole: The Arrol-Johnston 12-15 h.-p. Ice Motor

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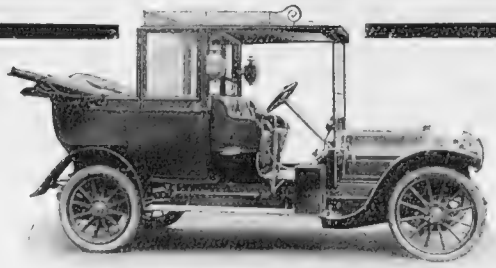

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September 12th, 1907.

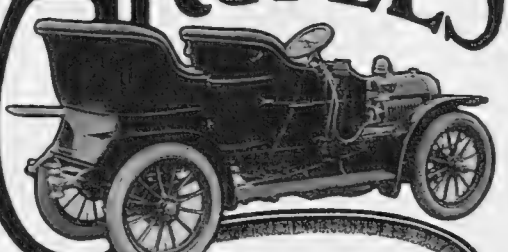
Dear Mr. Instone,

Just back from Scotland and the North. I must send you a line and tell you how well my 30-55 h.p. Daimler ran. I had no trouble of any sort, and had not even a screw to touch of any sort or kind. A better car than a Daimler I could not wish for. The Devil's Elbow in Scotland and the Kirkstone Pass in Westmoreland it ran up like a cork, and I believe they are 1 in 6 or 7.

Yours truly,
(Signed) L. E. LOWTHER.

— THE —
Daimler Motor Co. (1904) Ltd.
COVENTRY: Daimler Works.
LONDON: 219-229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
MANCHESTER: 60, Deansgate. NOTTINGHAM: 96-98, Derby Road. BRISTOL: 18, Victoria Street.

ARGYLLS



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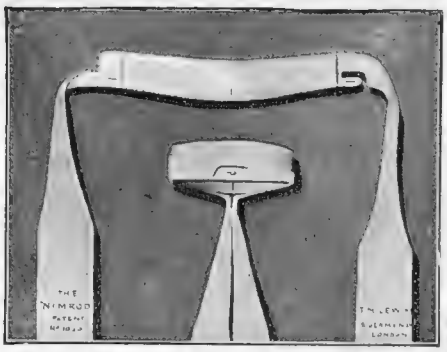

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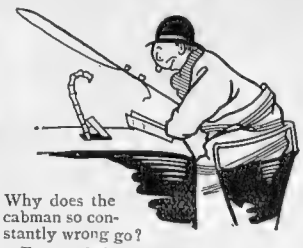

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will delight you with its smoothness—its delicious mellowness—its flavour. Remember that every bottle of Old Bushmills is guaranteed absolutely pure.

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Spring Edition of "The Home Beautiful," containing Coloured Illustrations of Carpets, Chairs, Settees, &c. New and Original Ideas and Illustrations of the Treatment of Casement Windows, Muslins, Lace Curtains Vitrage Nets, Cretonnes, Linens, &c.

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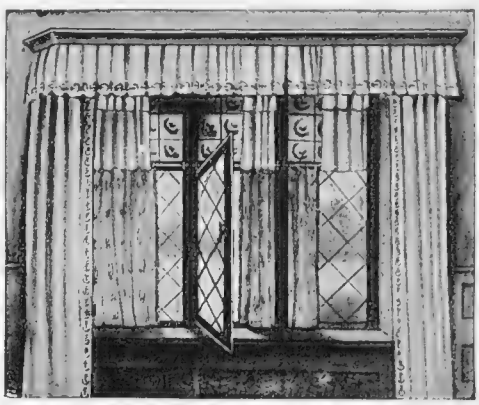

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On November 6 and 13 THE BYSTANDER, whose very intelligent readers take a lively interest in motoring, will publish Special Show Supplements on the Olympia Show. There will be complete guides to everything worth seeing there, all the novelties being fully explained. There is no doubt that the London Show is *the* motor show *par excellence*, and that Paris has now been relegated to the second place. It is a significant fact that the Itala car on which Prince Borghese won the famous Pekin-Paris race will be exhibited at Olympia, as will also the Spyker, driven by M. Godard, and one of the De Dion Bouton cars. Had this race taken place three years ago, there is little doubt where the cars would have been on view. The cars will be shown on the stands of their British representatives, and are bound to attract great attention.

* * *

The 40 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier undergoing a 3,000 miles test on a consumption of Simcar benzol is running very admirably, from all accounts. The test is being conducted by the Royal Automobile Club. The average distance during the first week's running was twenty-two miles to the gallon, and last week, in spite of high winds and heavy roads, twenty-four miles to the gallon were accomplished. The sparking-plugs were examined one day last week and appeared to be perfectly white and clean. With petrol at 2*s.* 4*d.* to 2*s.* 8*d.* per tin, according to your luck, it really seems as if benzol may prove a very fair substitute. Benzol may be bought at any local gasworks and is cheap.

COMYNS BEAUMONT

Car-icature—No. XLIX.: Captain Orr-Ewing

A first-class sportsman, the gallant Captain is also the Chairman of the Fiat Motors, Ltd., and is convinced that in a remarkably short space of time the car will entirely supersede the horse as a means of locomotion

(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

Miscellanea

The other week, when mentioning Messrs. Colin Defries, we said that they were undertaking to run their customers' cars, all found, for £350 per annum. As there appears to have been a misconception in some people's minds as to whether the car was itself included in the figure, I beg to state that such is not the case. The Porthos car, for which Messrs. Colin Defries (2, Denman Street, W.) are the sole concessionnaires, is worth a little more than £350, thank you! No, you must buy one of these "poems in petrol" first, and, if you like to pass on all the trouble and responsibility to Messrs. Colin Defries, they will run the car for you at the price named. If your usual custom is to take a short spin on Sunday afternoons and shut the car up through the week, the offer is not worth thinking over; but if you are a kind of Lord Mayor Treloar—everywhere at once—the offer is worth serious consideration.

It would seem that Messrs. Hampton and Sons' sales of motor-cars by auction on the Brooklands course, the first of which takes place on Saturday, October 26, meet with the approval of motorists in general, as, in addition to the very large entry of forty high-class cars, they have had to decline further entries. Included in the catalogue are cars to suit all buyers: high-powered, medium, and low-powered cars, open cars, landaulettes, limousines, and racers. Many of the cars are fitted with expensive accessories, such as speedometers, etc. Before acceptance for the sale every car has had to pass Messrs. Hamptons' expert.

To get the best return out of one's motor-car, it is necessary to understand the engine entirely, which means that one must thoroughly learn its principles. For the benefit of those who have not yet acquired this knowledge, we can recommend "Motor Schools Ltd.," of 10 and 12, Heddon Street, whose methods are to run the whole of the movable component parts of the motor vehicle by electricity; these parts being sectioned, the pupil can actually see what takes place inside his engine, gear-box, and differential while they are in motion. Our readers are cordially invited to inspect the lecture-rooms between the hours of 9.0 and 10.0 a.m. and 5.0 and 6.0 p.m. The cost of a lecture is 2*s.* 6*d.*, and that of a course 15*s.*

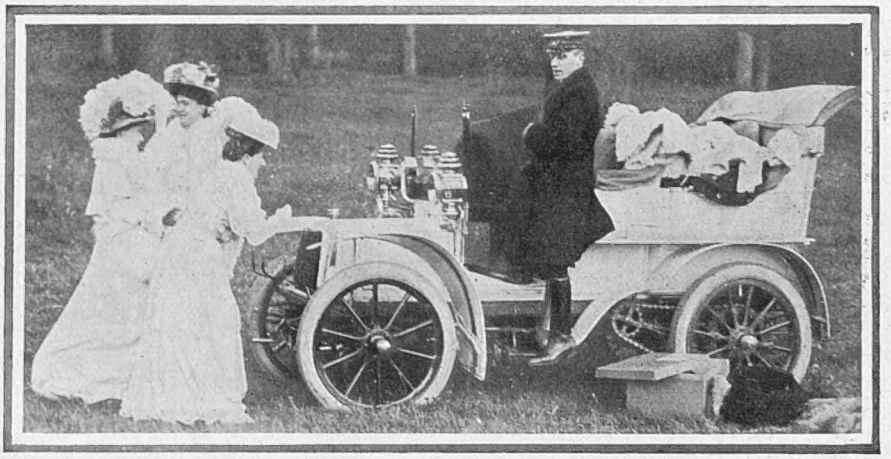
The "G.P.U."

Amateur photographers will be interested to hear of the formation of the Graphic Photo Union.

"Ubiquity" is a common term when applied to the camera, and of the thousands of amateurs who take photographs a large majority are not averse to selling a portion of their work to the Press, thus obtaining some return for money laid out on costly apparatus as well as on expensive materials.

It needs special knowledge to sell photographs, as it does to sell other things, with success, and this special knowledge is usually wanting in the amateur. The Graphic Photo Union is formed to supply this deficiency. Its canvassers are in daily communication with the principal illustrated papers, and so no time is lost. Photographs can be shown by the Union to as many papers in one day as would take the ordinary amateur a month to get in touch with, by which time the photograph would be hopelessly out of date. Amateurs should write for full particulars to the Secretary, Graphic Photo Union, Tallis Street, E.C.

To buy a Motor-Car go to THE MOTOR SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD., 111, Piccadilly, London, W. New and second-hand cars of all makes always in stock. Expert advice given without any charge. Tyres, spare parts, accessories, and motor clothing.



A New Use for the Motor-Car!

At a recent wedding at Wargrave, many of the guests who arrived in cars, in changing the more serviceable but less attractive motor hat for the fashionable *chapeaux* due to the occasion, made use of the glass shield in front of the car as a looking-glass

The Treatment of Palms

Palms are such handsome plants that it is a pity they cannot be more generally used in the garden. There is only one species, Trachycarpus excelsus, which can be considered fairly hardy, but even in sheltered districts in the Southern Counties, where it would be likely to succeed, it is rarely seen. Many species, however, are employed in tropical bedding, or in pots and tubs, or grouped around the entrance. It will very soon be time to return them to the greenhouse. Many of them, especially those in pots, will probably be looking the worse for wear. The sun, beating fiercely against the pots, often heats them so much that the delicate roots inside are injured, if not destroyed, even when great care is taken in watering. This is also a frequent cause of the withering of the lower leaves of chrysanthemums and other plants turned out during the summer, and the best way to avoid it is to plunge the pots, if possible, in such material as ashes. In a moist, warm atmosphere under glass the palms will soon begin to make fresh roots. In any case, they should not be re-potted now; that operation, if necessary, should be deferred until next Spring. As the temperature falls the supply of water should be reduced, but palms must never be allowed to get quite dry, even in winter.

Preparing the Greenhouse for Winter

One of the most important tasks at this season is the preparation of greenhouses for the plants with which they will shortly be filled. Unfortunately, it is often neglected; yet it is impossible to grow plants properly unless the houses are thoroughly cleaned at least once a year, and this can only be done when they are practically empty. If there are no plants of any kind in them, it is an excellent plan to burn some sulphur, for the fumes will destroy, not only all insects, but also all fungoid germs. The glass should be cleaned inside and out, in order to let in as much light as possible during the winter months, and the woodwork should be scrubbed with soap and water, or, if necessary, re-painted. In the latter case it may be advisable to remove for a few days any of the more tender plants still left in the house. For as the paint dries, the oil in it evaporates and, being deposited on the comparatively cold surface of the plants, clogs the pores, and so causes the leaves to wither. The mischief is very common in small conservatories warmed by lamps, the amount of oil given off being much greater than from paint; but, even in the latter case, it is often sufficient to injure delicate foliage. Its presence may easily be detected by means of a bowl of water. So long as a film of oil is deposited on the surface of the water, the atmosphere cannot be considered safe for plants. Finally, all houses which cannot be emptied of their contents should be thoroughly vaporised before they are filled up.

H. C. Davidson.

Palms as a Garden Decoration

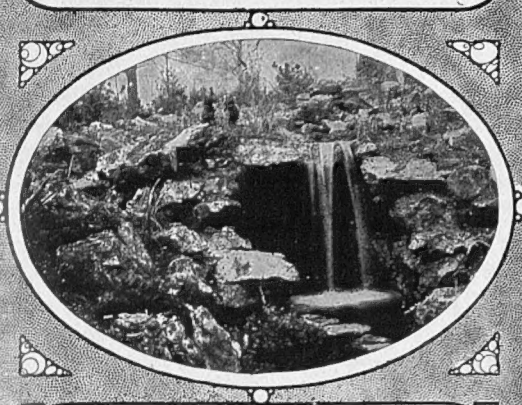
Palms are such handsome plants that our climate forbids their more general use in the garden. One species, however, Trachycarpus excelsus, is fairly hardy, and may be grown with comparative ease in the Southern Counties

Nature and the Cinematograph

Mr. Charles Urban, encouraged by the enthusiastic reception accorded the recent "Urbanora" exhibition of pictures in motion of wild bird life, is now presenting at the Alhambra a further series of animated Natural History scenes — vivid, picturesque, alert, and eminently fascinating — illustrating the intelligence and sagacity of various birds and animals. The collection of these films in all quarters of the globe has extended over a period of four years, and the value of their teachings is inestimable. Fifteen years ago Lord Avebury said that the man who expended a few sovereigns in good books might see all the living wonders of the world; to-day "Urbanora" puts them before stallite and galleryite alike.

James Backhouse & Son, Ltd.

HORTICULTURAL SPECIALISTS FOR TWO CENTURIES



Rock Garden Nature Studies

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DUTCH BULBS

For the Garden for 20s. Carriage Paid.

This is the finest collection and the cheapest of the season. It turns your Spring garden into a little flower paradise, and contains: 40 beautiful Hyacinths, 60 single and double Tulips, 60 Parrot Tulips, 40 Crocus, 40 Scilla Belgica, 40 Star of Bethlehem, 60 Daffodils, 100 Scilla Sibirica, 20 sweet-scented Jonquils, 60 Ixias, 40 Grape Hyacinths, 40 Ranunculus, 60 Anemones, 20 Feather Hyacinths, 20 Glory of the Snow, 200 Iris Hispanica, 60 Alliums, 40 Snowdrops.

All these 1,000 Bulbs for 20s. carriage paid. Half quantities—viz.: 500 Bulbs for 11s. carriage paid. Quarter Quantities—viz.: 250 Bulbs for 6s. carriage paid.

The following 400 Beautiful Bulbs for Indoor for 20s. Carriage Paid.

For growing in pots, glasses, boxes, &c. This collection contains the earliest and most beautiful varieties; 40 Hyacinths for exhibition, 20 earliest white French Roman Hyacinths, 60 Tulips in 20 varieties, 40 Daffodils, 20 Polyanthus Narcissus, 20 sweet-scented Jonquils, 40 earliest Snowdrops for forcing, 20 Scilla Sibirica, 20 earliest white Alliums, 20 Fritillarias Pewet's Egg, 20 earliest French Freesias, 20 Chionodoxa, 40 Crocus, 20 Winter Aconites. All these 400 Bulbs for 20s. carriage paid. Half quantities—viz.: 200 Bulbs for 11s. carriage paid. Quarter quantities—viz.: 100 Bulbs for 6s. carriage paid.

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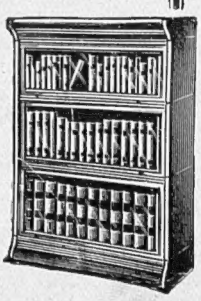

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NURSERIES, BERKHAMSTED, HERTS.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By MRS. JACK MAY

The variety of clothes about just now is truly amazing. On the one hand, we have women clinging distractedly to their summer dresses, and on the other, advanced souls, who, having taken time by the forelock in the matter of furs, are not in the mind to consider any such trifling incident as atmosphere. Meanwhile, the ostrich feather boa goes on its way rejoicing, and those cleverly inspired in colour contrasts achieve some strikingly good schemes, through the medium of an ostrich boa and hat, in tone.

Myself, I am a little weary of purple, saving only as a relief to navy blue. For the ubiquitous grey-striped tailor-made, given that the colouring of the wearer permits, a peculiarly effective contrast is found in a deepish shade of cinnamon, the hat preferably one of the small crushed felt shapes, lavishly adorned with feathery fantasies. While, for a darker suit, there is a rather pale shade of green that comes into the wide category of *vert ancien*, and is at once uncommon and of a peculiar *cachet*.

The plagiarism of the ostrich boa, in barn-door varieties, has inevitably carried the taste into more or less inaccessible realms of colour. Only the unexpected has the slightest chance of existence, and those having the wherewithal and aspirations to reach the topmost pinnacle are invited to conclude the ostrich story with a large Granny muff. As someone suggests, there is a dangerous similitude to-day to the primitive ages in the prevailing craze for feathers, furs, and baubles. And but for certain conventional laws and regulations, there is no telling to what extent we might have been tempted to resume primeval garb and decoration.

A Neat and Graceful Coatee

Composed of moleskins, this model is arranged with kimono sleeves and folded satin belt, drawn through a decorative gilt buckle

(Sketched at Shoolbred's by Dorothy Millar)

Furnishing Schemes of Refinement and Character

Some people are born to furnishing, others have furnishing thrust upon them. The latter is my case, and having found infinite assistance from an illustrated booklet, recently issued by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, I am pleased to pass on some information about it to others. From its dainty cover to the finish this publication is in no way comparable with the ordinary catalogue, and will prove veritably irresistible to such as are able to recognise genuine artistic worth when they see it. Admittedly among the first to realise the demand for furniture of quiet taste and refinement, in lieu of the pretentiousness and superficiality inaugurated during the Victorian era, Messrs. Hampton have steadily pursued the culture of means towards this end, a proceeding that has culminated in a style entitled "Colonial Adams."

Encouraged by an immediate and unqualified approval of their inspired departure, the firm have recently completed a specimen house on these lines, the entire cost whereof is only £250. As may be surmised, the Colonial Adams style lends itself to a certain individual freedom of thought and skill, the art lying in the combining of the latter-day demand for comfort with the old-world sense of charm and simplicity. Colonial Adams, as a style, has come to make history, and will, without doubt, in the far future, attain the dignity of being quoted as a period.

Furs at Shoolbred's

A department, unostentatious as to size, but of most admirable virtues, is the one devoted to peltry at Tottenham House. Taking, and very wisely, as their initial aim the meeting of popular demand, Messrs. Shoolbred are making a speciality of moderately priced coatees, and, as is common knowledge, where specialising is, there also is worth. As an instance, take the accompanying pictured model of moleskins, arranged with kimono sleeves and folded satin belt, drawn through a decorative gilt buckle. There is something exceptionally neat about this coat, and yet it is eminently graceful of form. Lined through with satin, and of that fine, fastidious finish always forthcoming in the best workmanship, the cost of this smart little fur garment is only fifteen guineas.

Of similar moderation is the much-sought-after cravat of the season, the one that clasps the throat with a small head, and has four pendant ends hung with close lines of little tails, a fancy that Messrs. Shoolbred are offering in squirrel at 30*s.* Well within the limits of the quite average income is a mole tie, 12*s.* 6*d.*, and muff, 19*s.* 6*d.* This is a perfect set for schoolgirl wear, and the like. Additionally to which, Shoolbred's have any number of more regal offerings, and are most justifiably elated over a close-fitting musquash coat of a particular *cachet*, that they are able to do at ten guineas. Before definite decision be made in any fur purchase, it will well repay anyone to visit Tottenham House.